Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1956

Per Annos

June 1956

☆

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Editorial

In this modern world of confusion, man is striving to invent missiles capable of devastating whole cities, even nations. All the major powers are trying to outwit each other with a faster, perhaps more accurate mechanism. They all feel that if their country has great destructive powers at its command that will be enough to frighten the enemy and thus maintain peace.

As man goes on striving in this manner, he is blinded by his projects. He overlooks the simple rules of peace which were given him in the beginning—rules, which, if we all obeyed them, would lead us along the road of a peaceful existence. Little do we realize that the answers to all questions may be found in the comparatively small collection of these rules, summed up or derived from the Sermon on the Mount. We, as nations, are continually quarreling over such materialistic things as land, trade, or money. Eventually these controversies develop into such states of friction that there is a complete division of feeling and we find ourselves separated from our fellow men by a wide gulf of misunderstanding. We are then in a state of mind from which war may spring.

Canada is a comparatively young country. We, the youth of today, are responsible for Canada's position in the world of tomorrow. Are we going to quarrel selfishly over things which are materialistic, or are we going to be strong and abide by the rules of honesty, integrity, and truth? These simple rules are the foundation of a strong country and we its citizens are the ones to build that foundation. Where do we start to follow these rules? Where is it that we are shown how to mould our characters with the implements provided? The answer to these questions and many others like them is also simple and basic. We are shown the right way in school. We are educated so that we shall become worthy citizens who are able to play a steadfast part in the welfare of our country. All of us here at King's Hall feel especially privileged because we have been shown the right way by patient and understanding people—our teachers. They are patient when we stubbornly go astray, and constantly encourage us along the right road. Above us all is Miss Gillard, continually pointing us to a high goal. She inspires us always to remember that "A man's reach must exceed his grasp." She reminds us of the simple virtues which are the essence of a strong character. We are also thankful for our school motto "Keep Troth"—Be True. Those simple words have much meaning.

For all these things we, the Matric class of 1956, say "Thank you." While we send our best wishes to future graduating classes, we ask them also to remember to "Keep Troth."

The members of the Magazine Committee would like to convey their thanks to Mrs. Welter for her invaluable help in typing many of the articles for Per Annos.



Miss Gillard's Letter

King's Hall
14th May, 1956.

My Dear Girls:

The theme of this letter concerns a matter which is very close to my heart, as you will see as you read on, if you do, and I am writing in all earnestness.

The Gentleman with a Duster who wrote, "The Mirror of Downing Street," brings a bitter indictment against the aristocracy in older lands in his generation. He says, "Aristocracy has lost its respect for learning, it has grown careless of manners, it has abandoned faith in its duty, it is conscious of no solemn obligations, it takes no interest in art, it is indifferent to science, it is sick of effort, it has surrendered glady and gratefully to the materialism of plutocracy."

Of course we all realize that the above statement is too sweeping to be fair, still it should be a warning to us all. While it is true that in our comparatively new country we have no aristocracy of birth, we should have, and could have, an aristocracy of breeding and culture. But have we? And if not, why not? Is not because the so-called privileged class is shirking its responsibilities in refusing to face up to the fact that privilege carries with it great responsibility?

You all belong to that privileged group, and that is why I am continually trying to impress upon you the necessity of having firm standards. The standards set by those who have not had your advantages are not good enough for you. You have no right to be satisfied to slide down to their level; **you** should set the tone. Because you have had advantages which many others have not had, your standards of Morals, Culture, Manners, Dignity, Speech, and Posture should be superior, as should your taste in Music, Art and Reading. In the case of so many you are willing to follow the lowest — it requires less effort — and what is the result? Many of you could not care less whether you learn anything:there is little love of learning for its own sake, — in fact in some classes, a girl who is ambitious and keen, is made to feel she is abnormal —. Hour after hour, day after day, you are throwing away opportunities which less fortunate people than you have starved and suffered to obtain. Many of you are not interested in good Music; you care little for the beautiful in Literature, and never voluntarily read anything but the funnies, mystery-stories and magazines, often of the cheapest kind; your manners are good, but only when things are going your way, which is no real test of manners; your speech is often common, your posture slovenly, because you do not care: Is that facing up to your responsibilities? Is that attitude helping to fit you to take your rightful place in the world later? With that attitude you are taking from the world more than you are giving, which is dishonest. A true gentleman, or gentlewoman (forgive my Mid-Victorian term) always tries to put into life a little more than he takes out, and is loyal only to the finest.

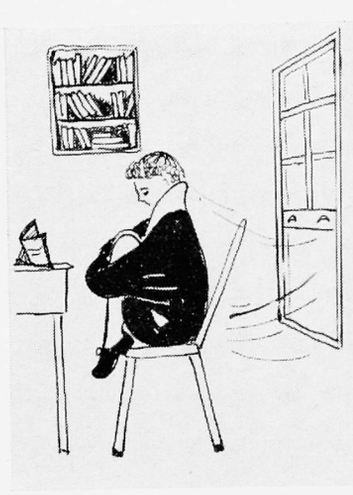
Upon reading this over it sounds rather scathing. I do not mean it to be, but I do want you to believe that I am in deadly earnest. Some of you are about to go out into the world. Do not let the materialism of this age cause you to lower your standards. Keep always in your mind the line from Browning's "Andrea del Sarto," and you will be in no danger of evading your responsibilities.

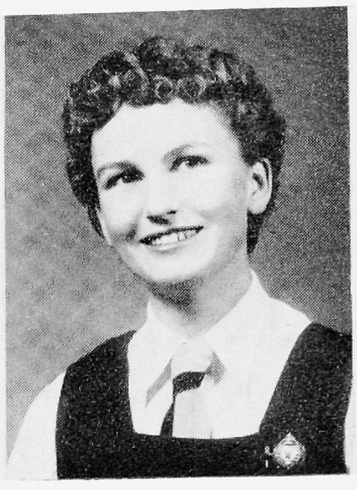
"Ah, but, a man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

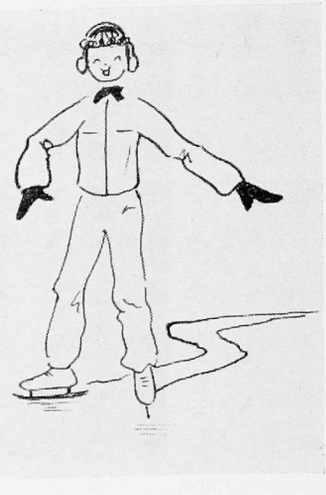
God Bless you all,
Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

Head Girl







Barbara Kerr—"Kerr" Rideau
Toronto, Ontario. 1952–56

"If brains were music, she'd be a brass band"
Favourite Expression:—"Do you hear voices?"
Pastime:—Toasting marshmallows by candle-light.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Form Captain VI A.
Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

Head Girl's Report

In most Head Girls' reports that I have read the school year is summed up briefly—the interest and good sportsmanship exhibited in the soccer, basketball, tennis and various other sports; the generally co-operative attitude of the girls throughout the year; and the fun had at plays, dances, and so on.

While all this is true, I should like to say a bit more about what the opportunity of an education at King's Hall means. First of all, any girl who is able to attend a boarding school such as King's Hall is indeed fortunate. I know that as some girls are reading this they may perhaps scoff, but if they stop and seriously think it over I am sure they will agree with me. Here at Compton, although mathematics, languages, history and other subjects are taught, it is not these things we learn that are of the utmost importance. Our ability to get along with other people is increased; life-long friendships are formed; a sense of duty and responsibility is instilled in us. To borrow a quotation from Miss Gillard, as "A bridge is only as strong as its weakest span," a country is only as strong as its weakest people. At K.H.C. we are trained to be the future citizens, not only of Canada, but of other countries throughout the world. It is up to us to maintain and hold higher the already high standards of conduct and life that have been set for us, if Canada is to have the future that is already shining brightly for her when affairs fall into the hands of us, her future citizens.

This is not all we gain from King's Hall, this high standard to maintain; we also store up memories to look back on with pleasure as we grow older. Can we ever forget sitting on Windy in the summer term, watching the red-tinted countryside as the sun slowly sinks; laughing when we see how silly everyone looks crying at a Saturday night movie; the shouting and excitement for our House to come first in House Games; Miss Gillard reading "The Christmas Carol" as the lights on the Christmas tree glow and the scent of spruce needles fills the air—all these and the everyday little things that are a part of school life?

To the Head Girl of 1956-57 and to all future Head Girls I should like to wish the very best of luck and to offer a bit of advice. Undoubtedly there will be times when you wonder why you ever had such a job, but then a smile at a trying moment, the feeling of delight and happiness you get when a person who usually has order marks has a plus total, the pride in knowing and in working with such wonderful people (even if they are a bit troublesome at times)—all these things will make the job worth while.














Prefects

TERRILL ABBOTT—"Terry" Head of Macdonald
Bermuda, B.W.I. 1951–56

"Only the good die young—why worry!"

Ambition:—To travel around the world.
Probable Destination:—Taking a Bermuda buggy-ride.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee.
Teams:—Soccer, School Junior; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.

SUSAN WARD—"Folge" Prefect on Macdonald
Brookfield Centre, Connecticut, U.S.A. 1947–56

"She was not only a chip off the old block, but the old block itself."

Ambition:—To be a doctor.
Pet Aversion:—Short men.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Form Captain III A; Crucifer.
Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School Junior; Volleyball, House.

CLAIRE HUDSON Head of Montcalm
Moncton, New Brunswick 1951–56

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Ambition:—Physiotherapy.
Prototype:—The wounded soldier.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club.
Teams:—Basketball, School: Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE—"Dougie" Prefect on Montcalm
Pointe Claire, Quebec. 1952–56

"Without music life would be a mistake."

Favourite Expression:—"There's going to be a fire drill to-night!"
Pastime:—Talking to 'Cindy.'
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Sports Captain VI A.
Teams:—Basketball, School Junior; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

EVE SMITH—"Spider" Head of Rideau
Ottawa, Ontario. 1951–56

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

Favourite Expression:—O.K.?
Prototype:—Daddy Long-legs.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Dramatics; Library Committee; Form Captain V B, V A, VI B.
Teams:—Basketball, School Junior; Soccer, School Junior; Volleyball, House.

PATRICIA JACKSON—"Pat" Prefect on Rideau
Town of Mount Royal, Quebec. 1954–56

"The best of men ever loved repose."

Favourite Expression:—"Bunkum!"
Pastime:—Keeping the 'Royal Mail' occupied.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Dramatics.
Teams:—Volleyball, House; Soccer, Form; Basketball, Form.



Matric cartoons by GAEL EAKIN

Sports Captain

MARIAN MACDOUGALL—"Mac" Rideau
Saraguay, Quebec. 1954–56

"Nothing great can be achieved without enthusiasm."

Favourite Expression:—"What's the score?"
Ambition:—Wimbledon tennis finals.
Pet Aversion:—Spelling.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Dramatics; Library Committee; Sports Captain VI A.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.

Residence Captains

SHIRLEY EAKIN—"Shirl" Montcalm
Westmount, Quebec. 1950–56

"She put her brain into neutral and let her tongue idle on."

Favourite Expression:—"Well no—I'm not overly smitten."
Favourite Pastime:—Varies with the seasons.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Dramatics.
Teams:—Basketball, School Junior; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.

SUZANNE SCHNEIDER—"Bessie." Montcalm
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. 1953–56

"My style and my sentiments are MY OWN, purely original."

Favourite Expression:—"What time is it?"
Pastime:—Scribbling.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Public Speaking; Dramatics.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.

Form Captains

MIKA IGNATIEFF—"Meek" Macdonald
Rome, Italy. 1953–56

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy'."

Prototype:—The wreck of the Hesperus.
Pastime:—Paving the road to tidiness.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Arts Matric Form Captain.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

BRENDA KEDDIE—"Kenda" Montcalm
Montreal, Quebec. 1953–56

"Do as I say ,not as I do."

Ambition:—To be a 'Lab Technician.'
Probable Destination:—Being a 'Lab Specimen.'
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Form Captain VI A and Science Matric; Magazine Editor.
Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

Matrics




SUSAN BLAYLOCK—"Fishie" Macdonald
Ile Bizard, Quebec. 1954–56

"Always and forever most divinely in trouble."

Favourite Expression:—"I get the general gist."
Pet Aversion:—People who call her the class clown.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.




SAUNDRAY BOGERT—"Beachy" Macdonald
Magog, Quebec. 1950–56

"Born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."

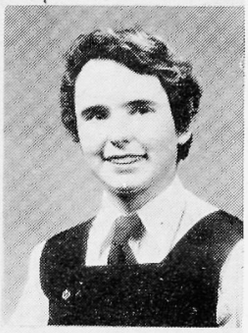
Favourite Expression:—"Who's for a crisis?!"
Pastime:—Depends on the environment.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Form Captain IV A; Ballet; Magazine Representative VI B Matric; Dramatics.
Teams:—Soccer, School Junior; Tennis, House; Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.




JULIANA DE KUYPER—"Jule" Macdonald
Westmount, Quebec. 1952–56

"Why do to-day what you can put off till to-morow?"

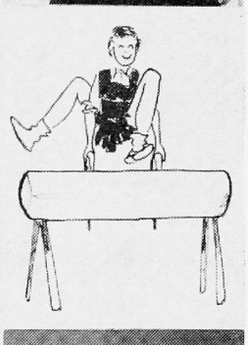
Favourite Expression:—"Go ahead—see if I care!"
Prototype:—Golden Girl.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Ballet.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.

GAEL EAKIN—"Poobie" Rideau
Westmount, Quebec. 1954–56

"A mighty spirit fills that little frame."

Pet Aversion:—People who use her head as a leaning post.
Pastime:—Schussing the "Bump."
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Magazine Art Editor; Public Speaking.
Teams:—Tennis, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Basketball, Form.

BARBARA FELLOWES—"Babbie" Macdonald
Westmount, Quebec. 1954–56

"Oh, how full of briars is this working day world."

Pastime:—Finding time.
Ambition:—To be an architect.
Pet Aversion:—Letterless days.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



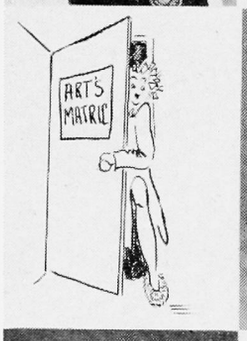

ROBIN FITZGERALD—"Fitz" Rideau
Pointe Claire, Quebec. 1953–56

"A fit of laughter which has been indulged to excess almost always produces a violent reaction."

Pastime:—Singing.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Public Speaking.
Teams:—Basketball, School Junior; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

























Matrics

SUSAN KILGOUR—"Sue" — Macdonald
Beauharnois, Quebec — 1951–56

"Anything for a quiet life."

Favourite Expression:—"I wish I had a horse."
Pet Aversion:—Sewing Machines.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Literary Editor of Magazine.
Teams:—Volleyball, Form.

JUDY MACDONALD—"Peanut" — Macdonald
Stamford, Connecticut, U.S.A. — 1952–56

"I believe in no man's opinions, I have some of my own."

Ambition:—Journalism.
Probable Destination:—It's in the book.
Activities:—Literature Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Dramatics; Public Speaking.
Teams:—Basketball, House; Volleyball, House; Soccer, Form.

JUDY MCCOLM — Rideau
Sillery, Quebec. — 1954–56

"Innocence is bliss."

Ambition:—Singing on Broadway.
Probable Destination:—Singing in the rain.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House; Soccer, Form.

BARBARA OLIPHANT—"Oli" — Macdonald
Hudson Heights, Quebec. — 1950–56

"Silence is golden; but she never cared for riches anyway."

Favourite Expression:—"Well, what's next on the agenda?"
Pet Aversion:—Screaming women.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Form Captain IV A.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.

JILL PACAUD — Montcalm
Magog, Quebec. — 1952–56

"It happens only once in a life time."

Pet Aversion:—People who avoid questions.
Pastime:—Eating.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Magazine Advertising Manager; Dramatics.
Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.

PENELOPE PARSONS—"Penny" — Montcalm
Little Compton, Rhode Island. — 1950–56

"Sugar and Spice, Fire and Ice, that's what she is made of."

Favourite Expression:—"How exah-tic!"
Pastime:—Going ape over Wilbur de Paris!
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Magazine Representative IV A; Ballet; Form Captain IV A.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

Matrics

Sandra Stewart—"Mouse" Macdonald
Montreal, Quebec. 1948–56

"Where none admires 'tis useless to excell.
Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be a belle."

Favourite Expression:—"This is the Bitter "
Pastime:—Sightseeing in a Triumph.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Ballet; Dramatics.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House.

Suzanne Throsby—"Sue" Rideau
Lancaster, Ontario. 1952–56

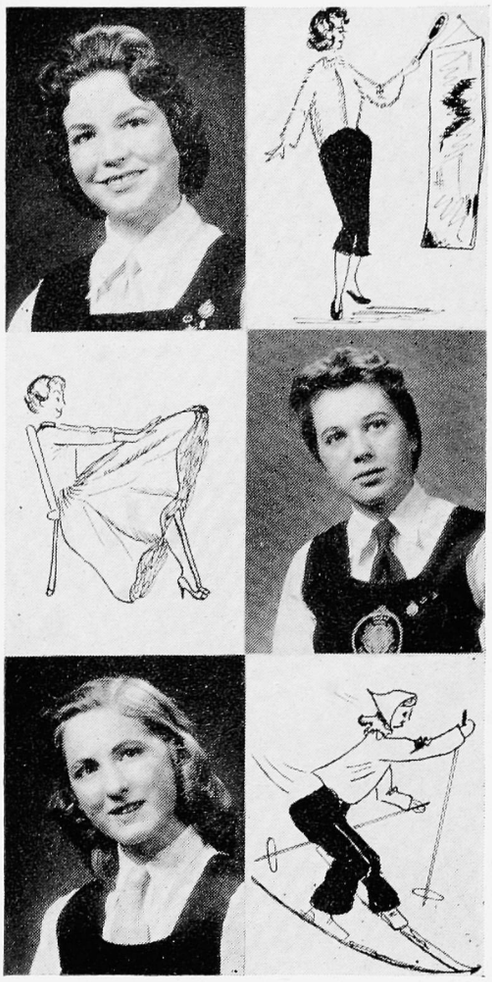
"Everything I love is either illegal, immoral, or fattening."

Favourite Expression:—"Jill, what shall I tell him?"
Pet Aversion:—Not getting any mail.
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee.
Teams:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

Luciana Wagner—"Luce" Macdonald
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. 1954–56

"Five minutes! Zounds! I have been five minutes too late all my life-time!"

Favourite Expression:—"That's just typical!"
Pet Aversion:—Being anywhere ahead of time.
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events Club; Library Committee; Dramatics.
Teams:—Basketball, School Junior; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



School Calendar

TERM I

School Opened	Sept.	14
Matric Entertainment	Oct.	1
Thanksgiving Weekend	Oct.	8-9
Tea Dance at Bishop's	Oct.	10
Recital by Wilson MacDonald	Oct.	14
Concert by Paul de Marky	Oct.	16
Talk by Mrs. Dole about Katherine Gibbs	Oct.	21
Prefects appointed	Oct.	25
Talk by Mrs. Carrington	Oct.	27
Hallowe'en supper and party	Oct.	28
Historical monologues by Mrs. McKellar	Oct.	30
Armistice Day Service	Nov.	11
Christmas Exams	Dec.	3-10
Miss Gillard's Birthday Party	Dec.	4
Carol Service and Nativity Play	Dec.	11
Christmas Holidays	Dec. 15—Jan.	10

TERM II

Public Speaking—Prep Hall	Jan.	18
U.B.C. Ice Carnival	Feb.	2
"My Three Angels" at B.C.S.	Feb.	8
Governor General's Holiday	Mar.	2
Red Cross Supper	Mar.	25
Easter Holidays	Mar. 27—April	11

TERM III

"The Happy Time" at U.B.C.	Apr.	13
Concert by Miss A. Macdonald	Apr.	22
Monologue by Susan Fletcher for the "Save the Children" fund	Apr.	29
"H.M.S. Pinafore" by V A	May	6
Confirmation	May	12
"Northanger Abbey" by VI A	May	13
Finals of Dominion Drama Festival	May	14-16
24th of May holiday	May	19-21
Closing Church Service	June	7
Gym Demonstration & Closing Exercises	June	8

"K.H.C. NETWORK—CHANNEL 56"

This year's Matric entertainment was a great success. The Matrics had three weeks to plan, arrange and produce their excellent entertainment. At eight o'clock Saturday night the first of November, everyone was waiting in the Prep Hall for the curtain to rise and "K.H.C. Network—Channel 56" to be presented. The programme commenced with a song called "The Compton Touch" sung by the Matric Class. This song recalled all the happy memories, experiences and happenings that occur to a Compton girl. Then the audience saw an excellent imitation of an ancient silent movie called "Forty Years Back." Barbara Kerr was the lady love with four suitors. "3000 Plus" illustrated that the urge to dance has known no boundary of time or place. The scenery, costumes and lighting gave the scene an eery and dramatic atmosphere. The actresses danced with perfection and with great expression. A Drama was next on the programme. It had a very touching dialogue and was carefully interpreted by the actresses. This original playlet was written by Sue Kilgour.

Then came the great "$64,000 Question." Miss Gillard was the contestant. "How many good girls are there in the Matric Class?" Miss Gillard had no difficulty in answering that question. "Exactly twenty-seven." There was a nostalgic finale with the song "Someday We Will Remember K.H.C."

Saundray Bogert was the director and we all think she did an excellent job. Thank you very much, Matrics of '56 for such a happy memory of your "Matric Entertainment."

Lucy Doucet, VI A.

——o——

THE TEA DANCE

The great day finally arrived and girls of all sizes bedecked with baubles, bangles, and beads flocked off the buses at B.C.S. After a few shy "hellos" the boys conducted us to their gymnasium, where the band was already playing. After hundreds of foxtrots, rumbas, and charlestons we were conducted to the spacious dining room. Once there we eagerly consumed cup cakes and punch.

Far too soon seven-thirty arrived and with hasty "good-byes" we scrambled onto the waiting buses. Another tea dance was over. We should like to thank Mr. Glass and the Bishop's students for a very enjoyable afternoon.

WILSON MACDONALD'S VISIT

On October 14, we were fortunate enough to have Wilson MacDonald, the well-known Canadian poet, visit King's Hall. In the afternoon Mr. MacDonald spoke to us about Shakespeare, and read parts of a book he had recently completed on Shakespeare. He mentioned particularly the sonnets, which are so often overshadowed by the plays. We also heard a few facts about the Shakespeare-Marlowe controversy which was so prominent in the news at that time. In the evening Mr. MacDonald read us some of his own poems, including "The Song of the Ski," which we all know and love. He also sang some beautiful monastic chants which he had written himself, and accompanied himself on the piano. We all found Mr. MacDonald's visit both helpful and enjoyable, and were very sorry when the time came for it to end.

Susan Kilgour, Matric.

——o——

PAUL de MARKY'S CONCERT

On October 16, we had the privilege of having as a guest pianist, Paul de Marky. Among his selections were compositions by Chopin, De Falla, and Leucona. Leucona's "Andalucia" was so well liked that Mr. de Marky obligingly played it for us a second time. We also had the pleasure of hearing two of Mr. de Marky's own compositions, "Scherzo" and "Desert Shadows"—the latter by request. Altogether the evening was very enjoyable. We should all like to thank Mr. de Marky, and hope for another visit soon.

Jane Douglas Lane.

——o——

THE KATHERINE GIBBS' REPRESENTATIVE.

On the twenty-first of October, Mrs. Dole from the Boston branch of the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School came to King's Hall and gave a talk on the advantages of secretarial training both in the home and in professional fields. She told us about the placement services available to Katherine Gibbs graduates and the excellent positions open to all who have studied there. Mrs. Dole's talk was particularly helpful to those who intend to take a business course after leaving school. We very much appreciate the fact that Katherine Gibbs sends us a representative each year.

Susanne Schneider, Matric.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

Harvest Thanksgiving is the Sunday when God's House is filled with ripened vegetables, plump fruit, autumn leaves, and flowers. In our Compton church it was celebrated on October 2nd. The girls had decorated the church beautifully. On the ledge below the stained glass windows nestled pyramids of fruit, boughs covered with pine needles, and many flowers both large and small. They were all bathed in the sunlight seeping through the windows. Every other pew boasted a whisp of spruce and a few bright berries clinging to its outer side. Pumpkins and carrots, turnips and peppers were all intricately clustered about the chancel steps, and on the altar were arranged two bowls of leaves. Flowers encircled the baptismal font, while scarlet berries tumbled over each other around every candlestick.

As the organ filled the church with music the voices of the girls mingled with those of the regular congregation in the familiar and well-loved Thanksgiving hymns. Yes, this was God's House on Harvest Thanksgiving, beautiful in its simplicity and perhaps brushed by the very wings of His angels.

Susan Blackburn, VI A.

MRS. CARRINGTON'S VISIT

During the Christmas term we were all pleasantly surprised by a visit from Mrs Carrington. She told us, among other things, all about the work the Girls' Auxiliary is doing for the Anglican Church in Canada. She also showed us the original flag made by the Girls' Auxiliary. She mentioned, too, that one of our Old Girls, Olivia Rorke, was a delegate to the G.A. conference held in Ontario during the summer of 1954.

One of the things that Mrs. Carrington stressed most of all was that Canada needed good leaders for the future, and that we must all try to develop leadership qualities for the service of our country.

These are only a few of the many interesting topics that Mrs. Carrington discussed. After her talk she very kindly answered the numerous questions we asked her. Elizabeth Napier, VI A.

MRS. McKELLAR'S PROGRAMME

It is for everyone I'm speaking, I know, when I say how glad we were to welcome Mrs. McKellar back again. Her programme this year was on October 30. We could not fail to enjoy her delightful and at the same time educational dramatizations of several scenes from Canadian history. We loved the variety of her programme, which ranged from a recitation of "Lil' Batiste" to a chapter from the career of the famous Madame de la Tour.

Judy Macdonald, Matric.

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en was here at last. As we trooped down to the dining-room we wondered what mysterious surprise was in store for us. VIB had done a marvellous job decorating the dining-room. The ghostly decorations created an eerie atmosphere. Flickering Jack-o-Lanterns cast an evil glow over a sumptuous feast prepared by Mr. Burt. After supper we rushed upstairs, donned our costumes and hurried to the gym. The parade began. The Staff brought down the house with their portrayal of a Compton firedrill. The Matrics, dressed as Davy Crocket and his Indian friends, whooped around the gym to win first prize. The VA's, dressed as Chinese coolies leading a ferocious dragon, walked off with second prize. The two smallest classes of the school, IVB and IVA dressed as Winken, Blinken and Nod and the moon and the seven stars, each won a prize. Although VIB, VIA, and VB did not win prizes, their costumes were very effective. After the judging and a couple of Scottish reels and Koki-Oki led by Miss Ramsay, a happy group of tired girls slowly made their way to bed after a very successful evening.

Heather Dewar, VI B.

MISS GILLARD'S BIRTHDAY

The halls were gaily decked with streamers of navy, light blue, and gold. A long row of tables set appetizingly with dainties stretched from the front half to the correction room. Two large cakes, iced in the school colours and bedecked with candles, stood near the head of the table. Strains of "FortyYears On" played from the loudspeaker as the guests, Staff, and girls eagerly awaited the arrival of the honoured guest.

At last she appeared—our beloved Miss Gillard, celebrating the twenty-sixth birthday she has had here, as Head Mistress of King's Hall. How happy and proud we all were as we watched her take the seat of honour.

The meal that night was in itself something special—all sorts of delicious foods, topped by a piece of birthday cake—real fruit cake. After supper we all sang "Happy Birthday" joyfully as Shireen Finch, the youngest girl in the school, presented Miss Gillard with a silver candelabrum, a gift which tried to express, though inadequately, our love and most sincere thanks to one who has done so very much for us all. This evening of December 4th, 1955, was one long to be remembered and treasured by everyone.

Barbara Kerr, Matric.

THE CAROL SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PARTY

The nearness of Christmas is never felt until the pungent smell of spruce and the sound of gay French carols fill the air. These are first heard from the classrooms where in French class the pronunciation is practised.

"The capital of British Columbia is Vic—"
"Petit Noel avec mystère—"
"The capital of British Columbia i—"
"Venu du ciel descend vers nous—"
"THE CAPITAL OF BRIT—"

Yes, carols really announce that Christmas is here. As June is brought in by lilacs so Christmas is brought in by the spruce tree. Getting it in is quite a job too, as it's at least twice the width of any doorway.

Finally the glorious night of the Carol Service and the Christmas party arrived, always the last Sunday of term. Exam., classes, books — all these "horrors" were done with for at least three weeks. After supper on December 11th we went to the Prep. Hall where a Nativity play was put on under Miss Hewson's direction. This year every girl in the school took part, either singing or acting. Following the play were the carols. Juniors, V B, V A, VI B, VI A, Matrics. and Staff took their turns on the stage under the eyes of an audience too blissfully happy to be critical. The programme ended with the Choir's singing of "The Little Road to Bethlehem," "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" and "In Winter Cold." Their extremely beautiful harmony was a fitting conclusion.

Then the Christmas party! Santa and his helpers were a puzzle. Who's Who? That was the question. The presents were brought out and with each one a verse about the Staff who was to receive it. These were fun, and the Staff turned such pretty shades of red! Mercifully attention was brought back to Santa, (the girls discovered that he was "Beachy") who was rapidly losing his paunch, his pants, and his dignity. All of these were collected, however, and pinned or just held until the presentation of the "chef d'oeuvre," the silver candelabrum, Miss Gillard's present. This was to match the one we had given her on her birthday. After Miss Gillard's gracious and heart-warming thanks Santa made his glorious exit, leaving behind him a crowd of exhausted girls, who flocked to bed like angels. To go to sleep? Are you crazy? They're going home this week!

JUDITH PERRON, VI A.

THE U.B.C. ICE CARNIVAL

The evening of February 9th, when we attended the ice-carnival put on by U.B.C. in Sherbrooke, was a very enjoyable one as I am sure every King's Hall girl will agree. The performers were mainly U.B.C. students assisted by a few professionals.

The programme opened with a series of performances by young ladies who showed their skill in many twirls and twists and excellent balancing. There were also a few intervals of laughter when the comedian did his part. For added interest a young man dressed like a Texan did amazing feats such as jumping over barrels. The chorus line or "Kick line" consisted entirely of U.B.C. students, well-named the "U.B.C. Bomberettes." The professional star, Dick Nutter, was wonderful, to put it mildly! Words can hardly express the enjoyment we got from his act.

The evening at the stadium wound up with a bang when we had a rip-roaring game of hockey between U.B.C. and Sherbrooke. Some of the girls had never seen an ice hockey game before (except on Television!) and it was quite an experience for them, and an experience for all of us too, I may add. Imagine our disappointment when we had to leave at the end of the first period, but as we all realised it was very late and no one ought to have too much of a good thing. JUDY GRUCHY, VI A.

THE B.C.S. PLAY

"My Three Angels," put on by B.C.S. would have been a favourite with all who like a good play. The actors did full credit to the very amusing and clever plot and dialogue. The audience spent most of the time in a state of uproarious laughter, the object of the laughter usually being the "three angels" themselves or their pet snake, Adolf. The more serious parts of the play were equally well presented. All of us who were fortunate enough to attend had a most enjoyable evening.

HARRIET SCHNEIDER VI A.

THE U.B.C. PLAYS

On November 11th, chartered buses took the School out to U.B.C. to see three one-act comedies presented by the students. These were "The Man in the Bowler Hat," "Overlaid" and "Women Do Things Like that." Lighting, scenery and acting were outstandingly good. We all enjoyed the evening very much.

Then on April 13th, we saw the much discussed French-Canadian play, "The Happy Time." One might have thought the students were professionals, their performance was so good.

JANE CUSHING, VI A.

RED CROSS REPORT

The annual Red Cross supper, held this year on 25th March, was again a great success. The evening began with a delicious buffet supper, for which we wish to thank Mr. Burt. Our thanks to Mrs. Aitken too, who added a bright touch to the front hall with her decorations of red and white carnations and candelabra with white candles upon which tiny red crosses were pasted.

After supper, each Form and the Staff gave Miss Gillard their Red Cross contributions. This year we made a wider variety of articles—not just the usual knitted garments, but dozens of dresses, skirts, blouses, stuffed animals and even a few scrap-books. There were clothes for adults as well as for children.

We think Miss Keyzer and VA deserve special congratulations for their oustanding contribution. Not only had they made the usual knitted garments but with Miss Dostie's help they made a complete outfit for an eight year old and they made literally dozens of other clothes which any child would love to wear.

The rest of the school, too, made an excellent showing and we are all proud to have produced this year one of the largest displays ever.

MIKA IGNATIEFF

THE BIOLOGY EXHIBITION

A Biology Exhibition was held at Bishop's University on Friday and Saturday, March 16, and 17. On Friday a large group of VI B's attended it, and on Saturday the VI A's and Matrics. Both groups were extremely interested in slides showing the composition of various trees, and in the numerous exhibits, including the different parts of plants and the identification of plants, the production of perfume, examples of osmosis, and the magnification of smaller plants and insects. A great many experiments were shown and carefully explained as, for example, the effect of enzymes and light on plants and the use of chlorophyll in photo synthesis. Movies were given throughout the afternoon including the beautiful picture, "Natures' Half Acre." It might also be added that many girls found their way into interesting corners where they met "George," the school skeleton, and other equally fascinating specimens. The afternoons were greatly enjoyed by all the King's Hall girls who went, and I am sure everyone profited by the exhibition.

LYNNE FRANCIS, VI A.

We are sorry that many interesting events are scheduled for the end of the term when Per Annos will have gone to press.

STOP THE PRESS! King's Hall adopted four children under the Save the Children Fund following an excellent performance by Susan Fletcher of Montreal, in aid of the S.C.F.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

"Princess Margaret Not Marry—"
"Anti-Stalin Campaigns Waged by Khruschev—"
"Cyprus Uprisings Cause World Concern—"

We are once again grateful to Miss Morris for having brought such world-wide events within our grasp. For many of us who have no time to read the newspapers thoroughly, the Friday evening Senior Current Events Club is an essential, without which our outlook and our field of knowledge would be considerably narrowed.

VI A and Matric offer their sincere thanks for such interesting and enlightening evenings, which without Miss Morris's personal touch, would not be nearly so enjoyable.

TERRY ABBOTT, Matric.

V A AND VI B CURRENT EVENTS

The V A's and VI B's found the Junior Current Events Club very entertaining, thanks to Mrs. Welter. Everone looked forward to the Thursday meetings, in which we discussed world affairs and had a few debates. One, for instance, was on the abolition of the death penalty in Britian. We also heard many recordings of speeches made within recent years and of comments on important events. One of our favourites was an account of the Queen's life from her childhood to her Coronation. This included some of her speeches. We all want to thank Mrs. Welter for putting up with us and supplying us with so many interesting news items.

CATHERINE HARVIE, VI B.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

The girls took a keen interest in Public Speaking this year. Besides the nine who entered the contest held in the Prep Hall, a number of girls made short speeches in their own Form rooms.

The contest was held to choose someone to represent King's Hall in the semi-finals of the St. Francis Valley district where a speaker was selected to represent the district at the finals in Montreal. This Public Speaking contest for girls of high school age is sponsored each year by the McGill Alumni Society.

Our representative at the local contest was Susanne Schneider. Although she was not chosen to go to Montreal, she gave a good account of herself, everyone enjoying her humorous speech, "Popular People."

——o——

THE CHOIR

This year the choir seems to have managed quite well in spite of the fact that each week in the second term a few people came down with the German Measles just before the Sunday service. Thanks to those who substituted, however, we have always had a full choir.

The first term was dedicated to practising for the annual Christmas service, which is held the last week-end of the term. After singing "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," "The Little Road to Bethlehem," and other carols, the choir, holding lighted candles accompanied the Staff and girls in the lounge where we sang carols until the Christmas Party began.

Getting up early on the last Sunday morning of the Christmas term and singing carols outside the windows, is another thing the girls enjoy very much. (I might add that when we come in at seven o'clock tired and hungry, there is always an exceptionally good breakfast awaiting)

Athough we didn't sing in the Sherbrooke choir festival as last year, we had the opportunity of going to U.B.C. to hear the Kingston Boy's Choir which certainly deserves all the credit it has been given.

This last paragraph is the space reserved for our thanks to a wonderful and patient person who drills us through and through every Saturday and Sunday morning in the school year. So from all the 1956 choir we would like to say 'Thank you, Miss Macdonald."

Diana Fowler, VI A.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

This year as usual all the forms, from IV B to VI B take Household Science once a week and as usual enjoy the classes very much. On trips through the basement people often catch the scent of delicious "delicacies" being cooked, or catch a glimpse of the many coloured garments in process of creation. Dressing table covers, bibs, knitted hats, dresses and skirts are among the articles made this year. Many of these things were given to the Red Cross.

The Household Science students wish to thank Mademoiselle Dostie for all the extra help she has given them and for all her ideas. We hope she will be with us for many years to come.

Elise Menasche, VI B.

GLEE CLUB REPORT

Much of the entertainment at King's Hall this year was provided by the Matrics, VIA and VA Glee Clubs under the able direction of Miss Hewson. The result of Miss Hewson's steady work with the Glee Club was heard at the Christmas Pageant and at a musical programme presented during the Easter term called "Folk Tunes from Some Nations." Both programmes showed evidence of skilful training and persistent practising.

Many thanks go to Miss Hewson and the members of the Glee Club for making such enjoyable entertainment possible.

Harriet W. Schneider, VI A.

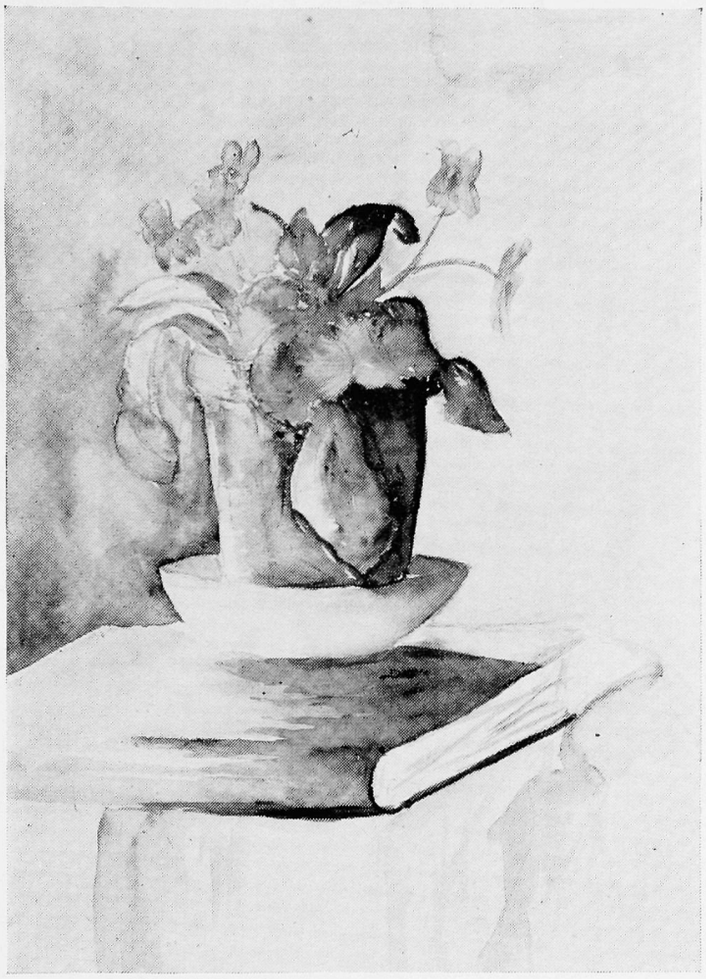
LIBRARY REPORT

This has been a very successful year for the library of King's Hall owing to the hard work and co-operation of the library committee. At the beginning of the year the library committee had two capable heads, Terry Abbott and Suzanne Schneider. With their duties as Prefects, however, these girls were unable to carry on and we were appointed as co-heads to fill their places.

We are extremely proud of the fact that the catalogue of books has finally been completed. However, there are always old books that need to be mended. This task was done marvellously by the library committee and others, both in supervised mending bees and voluntarily.

We would like to wish next year's library committee Head good luck and we hope that she will have just as responsible a library committee to work with as we had.

Barbara Fellowes
Robin FitzGerald.



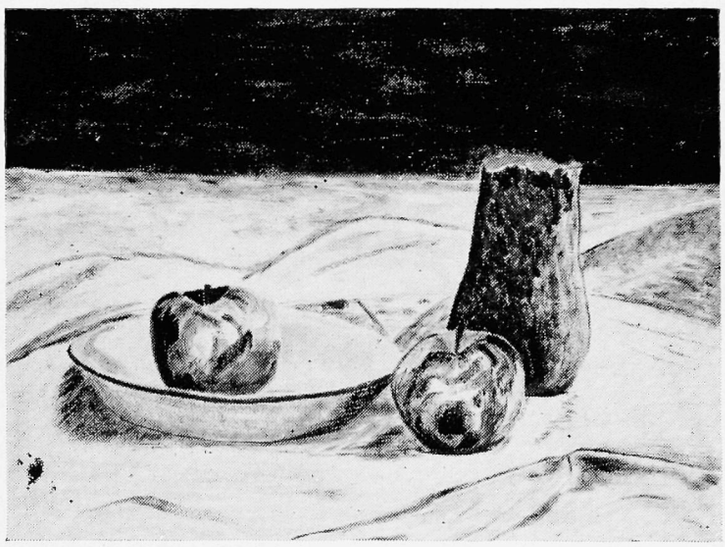
WATER COLOUR—Gill Bastian, VI B



SPONTANEOUS PAINTING—Cindy Lyman, V A



FINGER PAINTING—Lucy Caridi, V B



DRY BRUSH—Linda Grier, VI A

ART REPORT

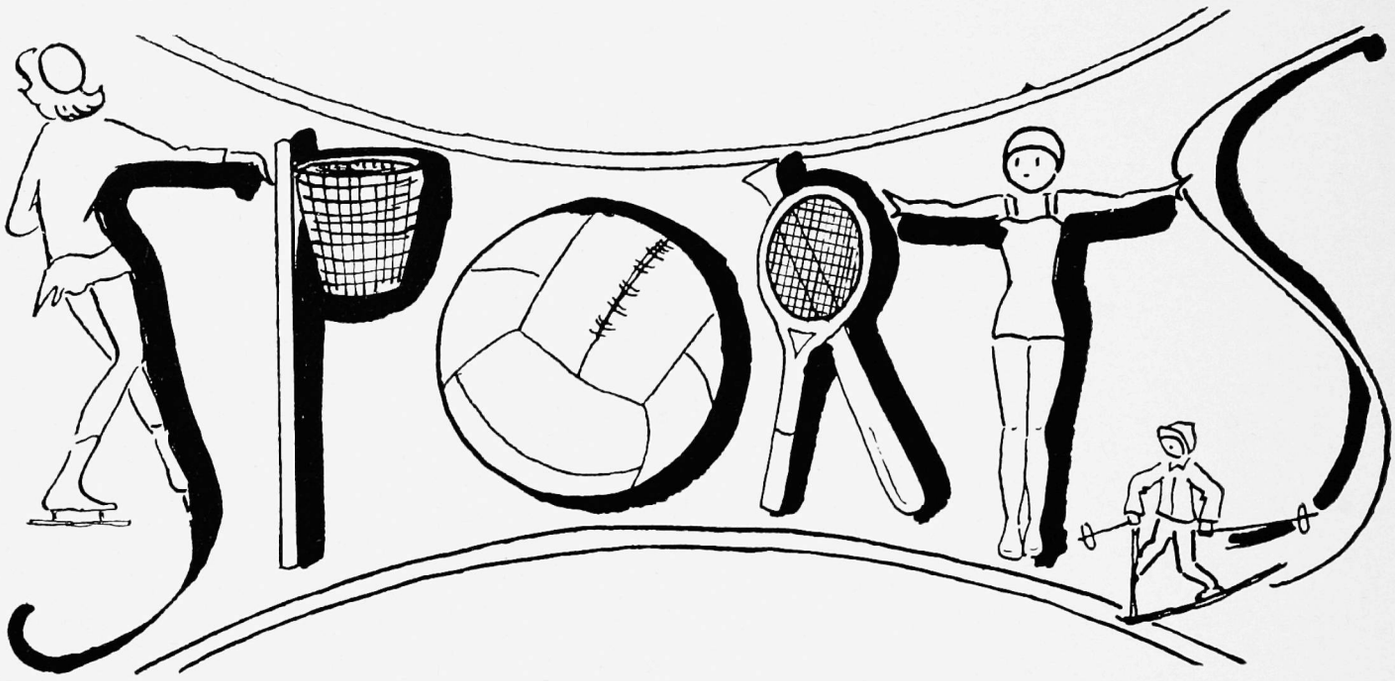
In the Art classes this year a wide variety of activities has been introduced to the girls by Miss Dexter. Abstract, mechanical, figure, and still life drawings and paintings have been produced in great numbers; these will make a very interesting exhibition in June.

The VIA's have worked fitfully and a little frantically at scenery for the Formal. Unfortunately the Formal has had to be cancelled because of various germs, but it was fun planning the decorations. The VIB's and VIA's have done some excellent scenery for their plays. The sketches were of course done by Miss Dexter and much of her spare time was given to supervising the work.

The 'Per Annos' poster contest had many entries and several were given honourable mention; the prize winner was Gail Davis, whose cartoon of a giant size King's Hall girl was most impressive.

Some new ideas have been introduced into the regular classes which really should be mentioned, 'potato printing' and 'name patterns.' Potato prints are made by carving the pattern on a slice of potato and then stamping it on a colourful piece of paper. The title 'name pattern' is self-explanatory.

We wish to thank Miss Dexter not only for making our Art Classes so interesting but also for the time and help she has given to make all our special occasions so successful. JUDY PERRON, VI A.



SPORTS REPORT

Sports this year have, as always, played an important role in our life here at King's Hall. Although we have been continually hampered throughout the year by contagious diseases which have prevented us from participating in the usual inter-school matches, the tremendous enthusiasm displayed by everyone in September has never wavered.

In soccer, basketball, and volleyball the different Forms and Houses struggled day after day to defeat each other, with every player always trying her very hardest, hoping maybe to earn a place on the school teams (which never materialized, for no one could defeat the measles).

When we arrived back after Christmas the snow lay deep around us and none of us needed much encouragement before we brought out our skis and skates, for the shiny, smooth rink and the snow-covered hills were there beckoning to us. We were especially lucky again to be able to ski at Hillcrest and I think almost everyone's skiing has improved greatly. In skating most of the school spent hours rehearsing and planning for an Ice Carnival but once again we are sorry to say that this was postponed so long on account of the measles that the ice melted before it could be put on.

On bad days when the weather drove us inside, we turned ourselves to House Games in the gym. There the competition was keener than ever as everyone strove to bring her House closer to the coveted Sports Shield awarded each June to the House which gained the most points in athletics during the year.

As the sun came out again and summer approached, the baseball bats and tennis racquets appeared; however, we still seemed to be struck by bad luck, for the measles continued and the lovely swimming pool could not be used.

The individual sports this year have also flourished, with tennis and badminton hitting the headlines. In both of these tournaments we had extremely large turnouts and the winners certainly deserve a great deal of praise, for each match was close and well fought. Ping-pong also proved popular and in the two Junior tournaments Heather Black and Janice Byers emerged the champions.

And so 1956 draws to a close, taking with it the many sorrows and disappointments as well as the triumphs and cheers which it has brought and I find myself sadly about to say good-bye, but before I go I should like, on behalf of the school, to thank Miss Ainslie, Miss Keyzer and all those who have given up their spare time to make this sports year so successful. For myself I would like to thank everyone of you for your wonderful co-operation, enthusiasm and good sportsmanship throughout the year and to wish you all the very best of luck next year and in the years to come.

MARIAN MACDOUGALL, Sports Captain.

SOCCER

There was keen enthusiasm for soccer this year and we enjoyed having the extra field so that everyone could play. On account of poor weather last autumn and also illness at Stanstead and Bishop's we could not play our usual matches. Miss Keyzer and Mr. Roberts, however, gave us many enjoyable hours while drilling us and showing us how to play a more skilled game. This practice will be a great advantage to next year's team. We did have one match—with a group of Old Girls who came back and played the Matrics. The Old Girls won. There was a highly competitive spirit and good teamwork shown in all the inter-Form games. We are all looking forward to a good season next year.

Frances Harley, VI A.

VOLLEYBALL

To many of us the first term, although the longest, is the most enjoyable. One of the things that makes it so is volleyball. The volleyball season opened this year with several Form games and then developed into the "Montrealers versus Foreigners" games, which are enjoyed by all. The season closed with a "bang." The Matrics., calling themselves the "Volley Dollies," challenged the Staff to the annual Staff versus Matric game. Although the Staff were the victors, the Matrics took their defeat with chins up.

On behalf of the girls I should like to thank Miss Keyzer, and also our Sports' Captain, Marian MacDougall, for making this season such a successful one.

Harriet Schneider, VI A.

TENNIS REPORT

The beginning of the Summer Term is always the signal for the K.H.C. Tennis tournaments to get under way. The turnout this year was extremely enthusiastic even more so than in the previous years. The draws were made and the lists were posted.

During the first week or so of term, snow and rain gave everyone a dim view of any possible tennis but it wasn't long before the sun was shining and everyone was clamouring for courts, some of which had been reserved weeks ahead.

Now that the tournaments have really got under way it is only a matter of time before the competitors will have been narrowed down to the four final play-off groups, Junior and Senior doubles and singles. (May the best man win!) Unfortunately the Magazine must go to press before the final results can be included in this report.

Anne Dowie, VI B.

BASKETBALL

This year basketball has been (as always) a most popular sport. As both Stanstead and K.H.C. had contagious diseases during the Easter term, we couldn't have any inter-school games. That fact however, didn't put a stop to games within the school. Competition between Forms has never been stronger and crowds of enthusiastic supporters turned out to cheer for their teams. VIA nearly killed themselves trying to defeat the VIB's and finally succeeded after about three failures. The VB's and VA's gave all opponents wonderful games and are turning into top notch players. Congratulations to the Matrics who are the "Champs." In the inter-House games, Rideau was the winner against strong competition.

Heather Morris, VI A.



BADMINTON

Never before has so much enthusiasm been shown for badminton. The courts were filled every night after Prep., while even in the few minutes before morning classes, to say nothing of every available moment on the week-ends, people were busy practising for the tournament. Every game in that was largely attended. After a long and exciting match against Marian MacDougall and Mary Vaughn, the senior doubles championship was carried off by Elizabeth Wallace and Juliana de Kuyper, while Susan Cassels took the senior singles from Heather Morris after a hard fought battle.

In the junior tournament Ann Taylor defeated Wendy Whitehead to win over Susan McMaster and Dixie Lambert, and to carry off the junior singles.

WINTER SPORTS

Here at K.H.C. we had a truly perfect winter of outdoor sports. We did a great deal of both skiing and skating and we were very lucky to have such good weather. We enjoyed many afternoons skiing at Hillcrest, where we received very helpful instruction. The new ski lift certainly helped those of us who either got tired quickly on the rope tows or else were beginners and couldn't manage them. We were also fortunate in having so many kind and willing Staff to take us to Hillcrest and we should like to thank them all. I truly don't know how they could put up with all the noise we made trying to sing on the bus.

Up until the last four weeks of term the skating was very good, but it was a shame that the carnival had to be cancelled because the weather turned mild. Even so, we should like to thank Mrs. Aitken for giving up so many hours to our enjoyment. We sincerely appreciate her kindness in playing all those records for us over the loud speaker. Even the girls who did not do much skating enjoyed listening to the music while watching the skaters or while walking around the ovals.

SUSANNE MEAGHER, VI A.



MATRIC FORM REPORT

1. This is still her favourite position.
2. Toujours le sport!
3. There will be House Meetings right after dinner.
4. She wouldn't want to be left out.
5. ".....she could argue still."
6. "Have you heard—?"
7. No more order marks. Please!
8. Still has the same smile.
9. The surprised look is very natural.
10. Always enjoys a ride—preferably by bus to Hillcrest.
11. The world is her oyster.
12. No dieting then—
13. Are you trying to fool me?
14. Are you really biting those nails?
15. "Wait for me!"
16. There should be a horse or a book in this picture.
17. She's still as fair as she was then.
18. This blonde has become a brunette.
19. She isn't as placid now as she was then.
20. This girl still tells a good story.
21. This picture belongs to the pre-Italian period.
22. Taken just before she came to K.H.C.
23. Then as now—out for a good time.
24. She still thinks life is a big joke.
25. This outfit suggests her name.
26. Perhaps she has just tidied up the beach.
27. What! No pile of books?

Key on page 26—→


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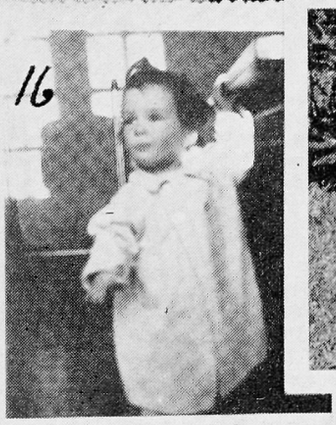

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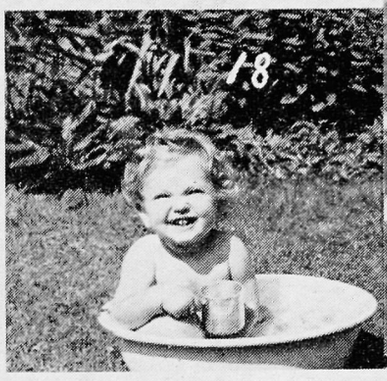

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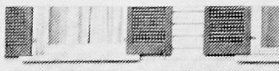

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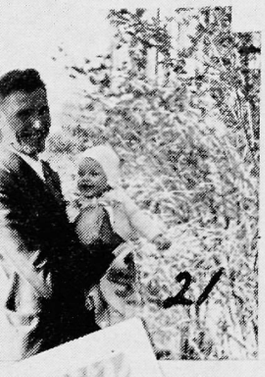
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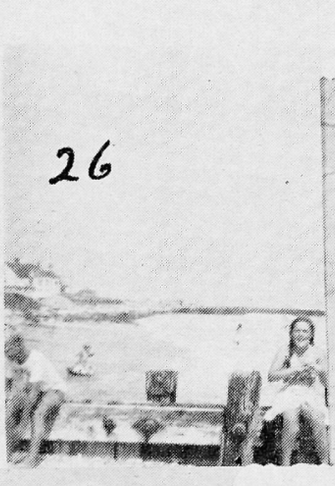

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JULY 1941


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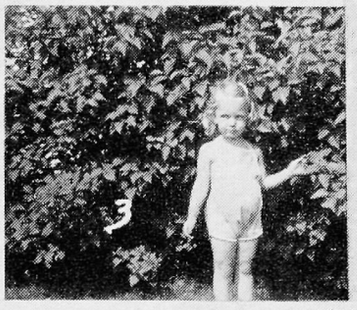

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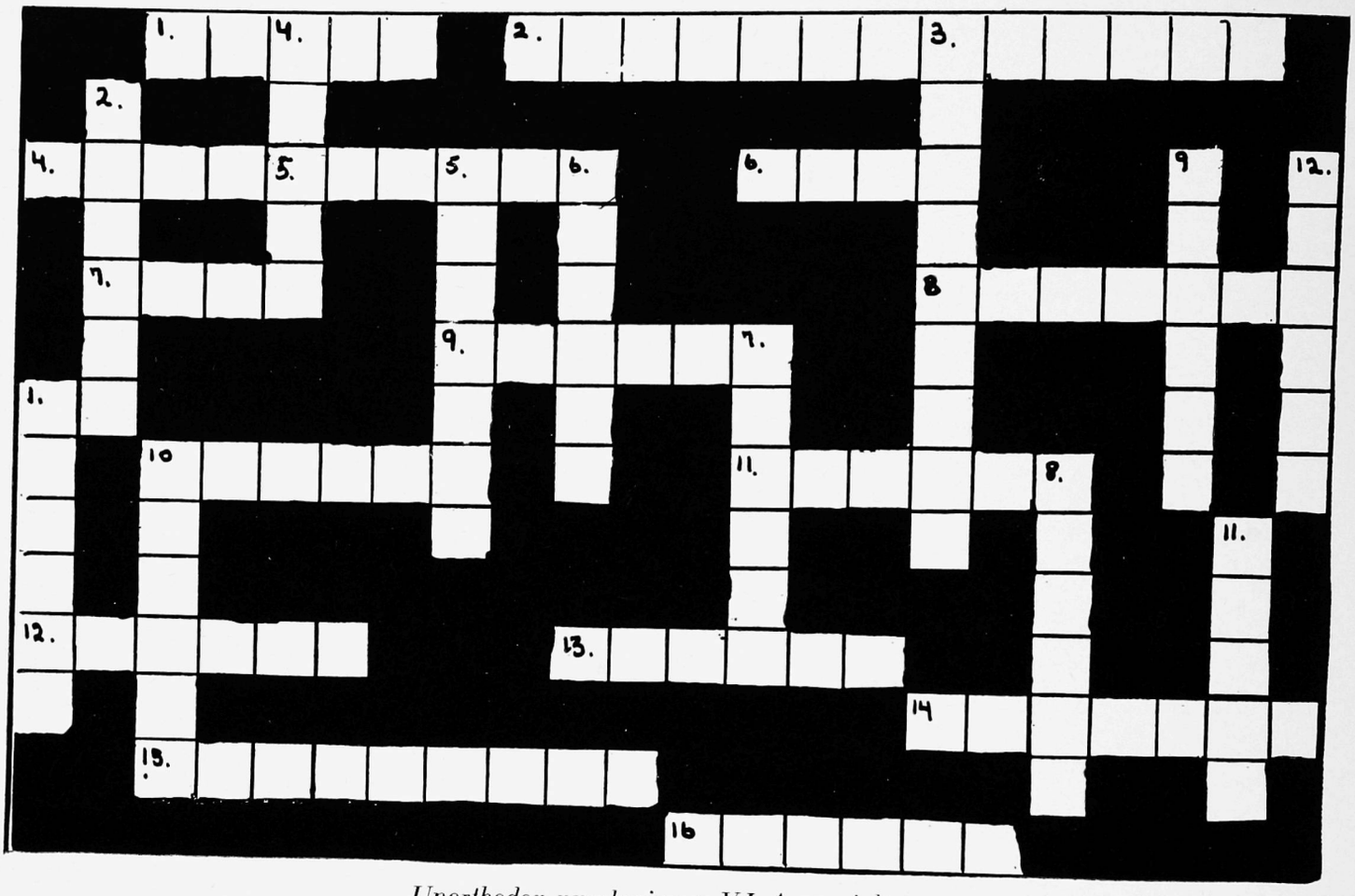
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Unorthodox numbering a VI A specialty.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. We have a great woman at our head,
 She teaches us Algebra, puts us to bed,
 A party in the kitchen during the first term we had,
 And she cooking hamburgers in a chef's hat was clad,
 Her arrival anywhere she usually announces
 By a little grey poodle who through the door bounces,
 And anyone looking at her can easily see,
 That she is the sweetest Form Mistress that ever could be.
2. She's a new gal and lots of fun,
 Can beat us all playing badminton.
3. 6A Swiss Miss dark and small
 Reads French stories to us all.
4. D.A. hairdo, tall and slim,
 Sits in Latin with a grin.
5. This girl skis with the greatest of ease
 And always reminds us to bend our knees.
6. This girl is blond—nice and tall,
 In briefy pyjamas she wows them all.
7. Northern classmate, nature's friend,
 Always a willing hand she will lend.
8. Fits of laughter in our class
 Are always coming from that redheaded lass.
9. She loves good old Canadian mail,
 Especially when it's from Westdale.
10. Always clad in orange and black,
 From morning 'til she hits the sack.
11. Pose a while and she will scribble
 A cartoon that will make you giggle.
12. Her heart is beating like a clock,
 It's lost between Compton and Little Rock
13. Trying on halos in class,
 Helps the time to quickly pass.
14. Dark, not short, at French she's a smarty,
 Famous for many a 24th of May party.
15. In prep, up she'd never look,
 Her black hair dangling in her book.
16. Hawaiian dancer, neat as a pin,
 Teaches us all to wiggle and spin.

DOWN

1. Collecting is one of this bad girl's hobbies,
 A few facts, Toms, Dicks and Bobbys.
2. One word is enough so you won't have to guess,
 And that everlasting word is 'mess.'
3. Cowboy Blackie loves to ride,
 Missed the saddle, went over the side.
4. My daddy told me when I was small,
 I'd always play soccer and basketball.
5. That friendly hi! has distinctive squeaks,
 She gives herself away everytime she speaks.
6. What is it that makes the bed jiggle?
 Of course, it's that unending giggle.
7. Harmonizing is this gal's line,
 When Di drowns her out, then it's fine.
8. Quiet and subdued to the strange viewer,
 But among friends, don't be too sure.
9. She's named after a deer, she can play tennis and ride,
 And in doing Geometry we in her confide.
10. Nature was generous to bequeath
 A beautiful set of pearly teeth.
11. To see the board better in classes,
 She bought a pair of blue-rimmed glasses.
12. Quiet girl with the sultry eyes,
 Don't mind them, they're a disguise.

(*Key on page 26*)

VI B FORM REPORT

"Will you stop making so much noise; you can be heard all over the school. And for goodness' sake pick up some of the paper; this room is a mess!" That is directed toward the VIB's, terrors of the senior wing. At the moment they are preparing for the first class—supposedly.

In the far corner Pat McFetrick, Gail Goodeve, and Lorna Murray are discussing the parties of the past Easter holidays, while, with heads together, Libby Wallace, this term's sports captain, and Jill Bastian, last term's sports captain, Jane Mitchell, and Pat Archibald recall the past soccer season and look forward to the coming tennis tournaments.

Anne Dowie and Mary Vaughan are chasing each other around the classroom with chalky board brushes, knocking into Sandy Robertson, who pays no attention but continues reading her poem about the sea to Margot MacIntyre. In the front of the room Cynnie Hutchins is patiently trying to describe the functions of the digestive system to Cinny Bailey. Beside them Bizzy Angus, Brenda Cuthbertson, and Bev Rooney are leafing through a fashion magazine, while Joanne Millar keeps her head buried in a text book.

Honor MacDougall is telling Sue Carling a fascinating story, but Sue seems to be more interested in polishing up her fancy skates. Allison Beattie is arguing with Joan Grier over who's on door, and Adie Cassils is madly trying to finish everyone's Red Cross knitting before Sunday. Judi Vivian and Di MacDougall are painfully trying to say something in Spanish, while Elise Menasché and Di Gibson collapse with laughter.

From a group near the door Catherine Harvie's and Vivian Wagner's shrieks rise above the uproar; Ann Sise cackles, and Heather Dewar smiles demurely at Mary Jane Thompson, the cause of the amusement. Sheila Kelly takes her nose out of the sports section and smiles quietly.

Suddenly Miss Hughes, our form mistress, appears and order comes out of the chaos. She enters and the door closes on the 1955-56 VIB's.

Outside the VA Window, King's Hall, Compton,
April 15, 1956.

Dear Tom Cat,

How are you and how's the weather been over at Bishop's this year? It's been all right here, and they've managed to get in quite a lot of soccer, skiing; and indoors, basketball.

By "they" I mean the VA form—through whose window I make it my practice to enter the school. Many a day I watch them at work? I may as well tell you about them alphabetically as it'll be easiest.

Though from my window I cannot see Elaine Audet, I can hear her; Judy Bignell always seems to have her nose in a book and is apparently rewarded; I can't see Heather Black, but can smell her candy; Lyn Carter is the class correspondent; and as for Rosie Christensen and Joan Cordeau— I wonder what those notes say? I never hear Marilyn Cowie herself, but I often hear others calling her "Moo"! Gale Davis's drawings are always floating around; and at the Thursday night French class I see Gabrielle de Kuyper slaving away! Daphne Duncanson (or "Daphee Pooh") is the class clown; now I see her and now I don't. Carole Gibbs is very quiet, but I've heard she has lovely clothes. Nancy Glass—oh, I forgot, you know her—the gay blonde girl whose father is principal of "your" school. Judy Hingston has just been elected form captain, and Di Hornig sports captain. I think they will both be terrific. Nancy Jackman supplies them all with gadgets.

Golly, I'm only just half way through the thirty of them, but you see they're quite the form.

Dixi Lambert sits in the second row; I wonder if she knows which end is the front of the room. Jennifer Lamplough seems very quiet, but there must be some reason for her sitting in a front seat; Cindy Lyman is the girl I often hear being teased about having to chase some train; Shirley Morris was Sports Captain in the second term and worked very hard with her basketball teams. One question I fail to answer is this—"How did Jennifer Parsons wangle a back seat?" Bonnie Penhale is a great skier, I hear; I am fond of her because she's nearest my size. Judy Pinkerton is a country girl, but still no country bumpkin; and Elizabeth Price, after being Form Captain the first term, really began living it up the second. While Kate Reed is our classical dancer, Penny Throsby is learning to master her French; and only the back of Jareth Taylor do I ever see—how that girl works! Ann Taylor was Sports Captain the first term; Mary Warren tells us enthralling tales of her holiday life; and as for Wendy Whitehead— what the Staff don't know won't hurt them!

They certainly have a wonderful Form Mistress! Their Red Cross display and basketball would have been nil without her. I join the rest of them in giving three hearty cheers for Miss Keyzer!

Good-bye for now, Minny Cat

P.S.—I forgot about that Peverley girl; she was Form Captain in the second term. M.C.

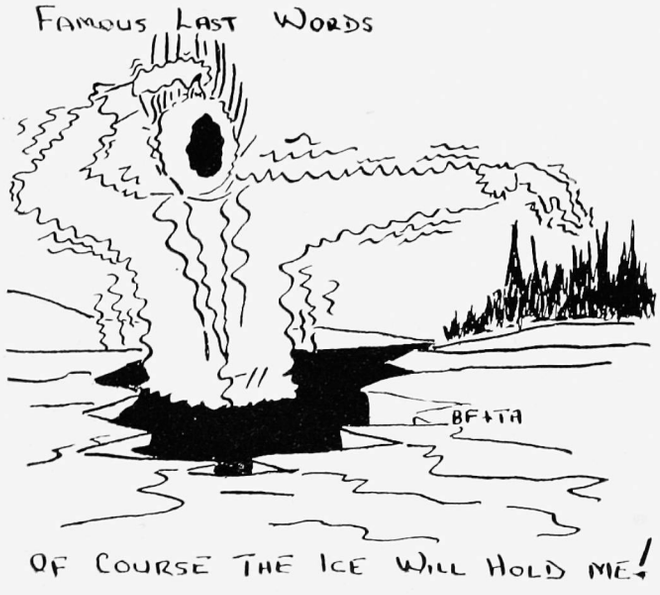
V B FORM REPORT

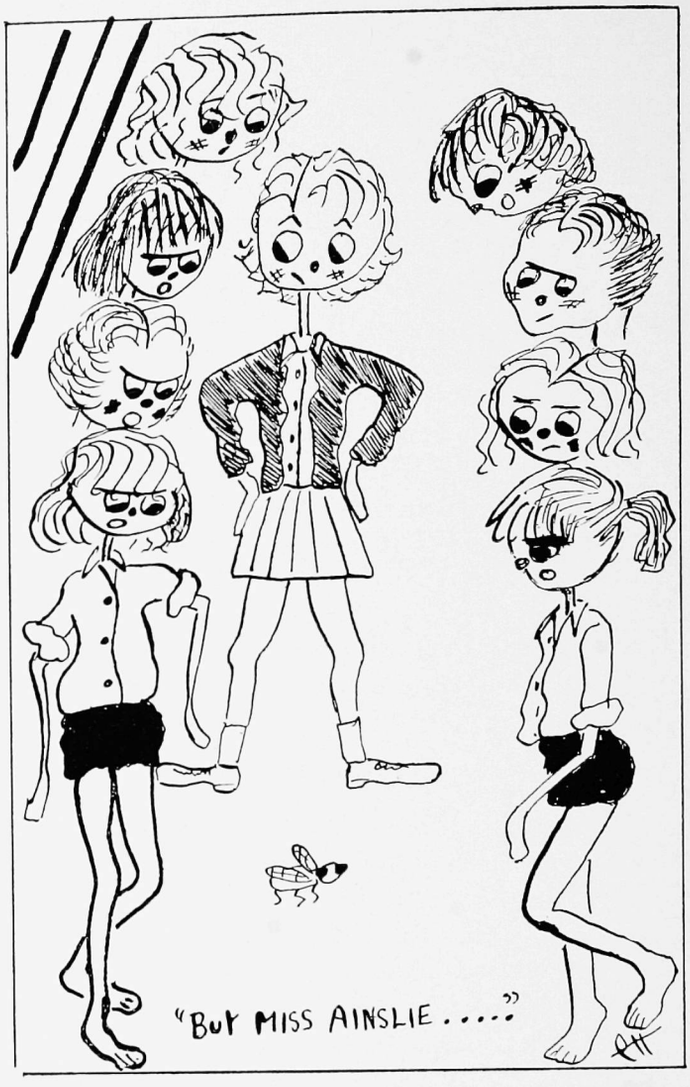
There have been seventeen girls in the V B this year. Most of the girls are Canadians except Helen Hand from Bermuda, Lucy Caridi from Colombia and Ann Smith from Guatemala. The rest of the girls live in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

Our Form Captains this year were Sally Scott and Janice Byers. Our Sports Captains were Julia Kingstone and Charlotte Stevens. We contributed to school life quite a bit. At Hallowe'en our class went dressed as the letters in King's Hall. At Christmas we gave a play with the IVA's and IVB's called "THE CHRISTMAS WISH." We all went to Miss Gillard's birthday party. Then for the Red Cross, we knitted and sewed garments of many kinds and went to the Red Cross supper. Then also we have done things as a class. For Valentine's Day we had a box and distributed Valentines among ourselves. For the birthday of our Form Mistress, Miss Ramsay, we gave a party and had things to eat. At Christmas time we gave each other Christmas stockings and went over to the cottage for a party. At the end of each term, Miss Ramsay gave us suckers which were very much appreciated.

Of course, we also had sports. Most of us joined in the tennis, badminton and ping-pong tournaments. During the winter we did a lot of skiing and skating. On Friday nights we went up to the gym and played 'Between Double Fire' and Basketball.

Even though there have been a lot of mishaps this year, on the whole we have had lots of fun and have been a happy Form and we would all like to give "three cheers" for Miss Ramsay our Form Mistress for helping us through this year.





IV A FORM REPORT

This year our Form has consisted of eight—namely—Bonnie Bernier, Josette Cochand, Susan Gibson, Marcia Pacaud, Margot Parker, Michele Robertson, Lorraine Ronalds and Judith Westwater. Our Form Captains for the year have been Josette, Judith and Michele.

At our Hallowe'en masquerade our Form went as the Seven Dancing Stars and the Moon. With the IVB's and VB's we put on a Christmas Play under the direction of Miss Hewson. During the year we have done several short French Plays directed by Madame Landes.

In the Easter term, Bishop's University had an Ice Carnival to which we went. Also in that term, we had a lot of skating and skiing. We had little swimming on account of measles in the school. Each of us made some article for the Red Cross Donation which was held along with a wonderful supper on the second last day of term. We thank Mrs. Aitken for arranging this supper for us. In the summer term we had a little bit of maple-sugaring. We would like to thank Mrs. Elliot for making our year in IVA very enjoyable.

JUDITH WESTWATER IV A.

House Reports



April 30, 1956.

Dear Macdonaldites,

Sept. 15, thirty-eight soldiers returned to start the march up the road of success which, for Macdonald, is paved with gold.

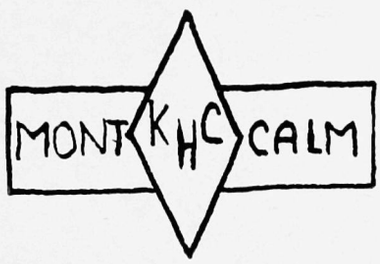
Sept. 26, ten recruits joined the regiment to fight for the standards set by this, our triangled-emblem.

Oct.25, two of the rank were surprised and so very proud to become your leaders.

For such an army, our motto could surely be, "United we conquer," for never have we divided or fallen. Throughout the whole year your spirit and co-operation has continually left us speechless. Remember to prove to our successors, as you have proved to us, that Macdonald is always the House of the Year.

Love,

Terry and Sue.



King's Hall,
Compton, P.Q.
June 1956.

Dear Montcalmites,

The year has come to a close and for us, your prefects, it has been a good one. Good, because all of you made it that way by your House spirit and co-operation, even when you found it hard to obey all the rules.

Most of our totals have been good this year though we never seemed to have reached our goal. Nevertheless we have always felt that you were behind us and that means more than even the highest totals.

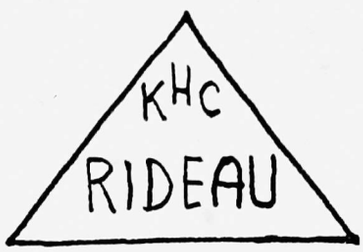
You have all worked very hard this year in Sports and your enthusiasm couldn't have been better. The results are shown in the number of points you have gained for your House. Keep it up next year!

For those who wear the Montcalm tie, the most difficult thing to do is to stay out of "trouble"! This year, though, you have tried admirably to overcome your faults and we ask you to continue this fight for "The Best House!"

We leave at the end of this year, proud to have been your prefects. We shall always remember those who wear the light blue tie, the happy smile, and the mischievous twinkle in the eye.

Love,

Claire and Jane.



April 30, 1956.

Dear Rideau,

We have heard it said that a ship is only as good as the crew make it, and this has been true this year aboard the "K.H.C. Rideau."

We, your captains, shall remember with the greatest pride this year as one in which we strove to help and guide our wayward sailors through all kinds of weather. There were many times when we all felt like jumping over-board but the enthusiasm, co-operation and House spirit in general kept us safely on deck.

We feel that everyone has tried her hardest to get high plus totals every week and many have improved a great deal. Naturally there have been a few disappointments but at one time or another we all have to learn the lesson of "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

We should like to thank you all for your never-ceasing efforts in every sport this year, and also for the untiring way in which you've all tried to keep the Rideau colours flying high on the mast in all situations.

Now the time has come for us to retire and so to the Rideau ship and all her future crew and captains, we'd like to wish a Bon Voyage.

Love,

Eve and Pat.

Exchanges

Leeds Girl's High School Magazine: Leeds, England
St. Andrew's College Review: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ontario.
Edgehill Review: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
Ludemas: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
Bishop Strachan School Magazine: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
Lachute High School Annual: Lachute, P.Q.
The Beaver Log: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
The Tallow Dip: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
The Croftonian: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
The Branksome Slogan: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
The Blue and White: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
The Pibroch: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
The Mitre: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
The Bishop's College School Magazine: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Technical Collegiate Institute: Saskatoon, Sask.
Samara: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
Intra Muros: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
The Record: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The Ashburian: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
The Grove Chronicle: Lakefield, Ont.
The Almaphalian: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
The Balmoral Hall Magazine: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
The Chronicle: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
The Alibi: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.
St. Mary's School: Wantage, Berks, England.

Matric Key to baby pictures (*from page 21*)

1. Jackson
2. MacDougall
3. Kerr
4. Oliphant
5. Macdonald
6. S. Eakin
7. Smith
8. McColm
9. FitzGerald
10. G. Eakin
11. Keddie
12. Throsby
13. Fellowes
14. Lane
15. Wagner
16. Kilgour
17. de Kuyper
18. Pacaud
19. Hudson
20. Stewart
21. Ignatieff
22. Ward
23. Parsons
24. Blaylock
25. Bogert
26. Schneider
27. Abbott

VI A Report Key (*from page 22*)

ACROSS

1. Miss Keith
2. Sue Cassels
3. Anne Bieler
4. Judy Robb
5. Lucy Doucet
6. Irma Schiess
7. Lynn Francis
8. Lally Kennedy
9. Anne Holton
10. Janet Martin
11. Judy Perron
12. Frances Harley
13. Flora Church
14. Sue Meagher
15. Tottie Schneider
16. Liz Echols

DOWN

1. Judy Gruchy
2. Di Fowler
3. Sue Blackburn
4. Anne Iddon
5. Jane Cushing
6. Heather Tooley
7. Liz Napier
8. Tony Newman
9. Bambi Reeves
10. Heather Morris
11. Linda Grier
12. Tony Taylor

Literary



EVENING

The ground was so dry it seemed almost colourless, except for the rosy glow thrown over it by the setting sun. The stubble of grass stretched bravely between its straight boundaries, its flatness broken only by the shadows of two dogs that seemed to float rather than run across it. Even the strangely elongated silhouettes could not hide the almost ridiculous difference between the two animals—the tall, slender gracefulness of the first made the second look even shorter, fatter and more awkward than reality did. Dixie noticed the difference in a sideways glance as she scrambled frantically to keep up with Thursday's effortless strides, and felt a moment's bitterness. In an instant she was ashamed of herself, and tossed her ears back gaily in an effort to forget that a mongrel like herself could never expect to be as beautiful as Thursday's pure Irish setter parentage had made her.

"Don't be vain, Dixie!" she scolded herself, and then she really got down to business and redoubled her efforts to catch Thursday.

Loping ahead, Thursday was laughing to herself in the quiet way that dogs do have of enjoying a joke. She was remembering how the collie from across the road had looked at her when she had recited her pedigree to him. Thursday's heart loved looks such as that one—she had been collecting them and sorting them in order of merit ever since she had been old enough to realize her own beauty. She pitied Dixie in a scornful way, and considered the fact that she had befriended the smaller dog an act of extreme kindness on her own part. She knew that Dixie adored her, and was glad.

The shadows lengthened even as the two dogs ran. "How strange to be running nowhere!" thought Thursday. And then, with a swift toss of her head, "How lovely"!

Dixie thought it was lovely too; in fact she could think of nothing nearer heaven than tearing aimlessly across the darkening field after her idol. She did wish she could keep up with Thursday, though. She almost wanted to call out and ask her to stop for a minute, but that would bring on Thursday's scorn, and besides, she didn't want to waste her breath.

Suddenly Thursday did stop, and turned with a swift, sharp movement. Dixie knew that if she had tried to do that she would have got her legs tangled up and gone tumbling into a disgraceful heap. She galloped the few yards to Thursday's side and flopped to the ground with a little sigh. Thursday's eyes looked serious.

"I was just thinking how beautiful shadow is." Thursday was often taken with a philosophic turn of mind, and poor Dixie, who tried so hard to understand, would be completely lost. It was because of Thursday's breeding, of course; she had brains as well as beauty. "It's really shadow that gives things substance," continued the dog. "Without shadow would there be a third dimension?"

She was waiting for an answer. Dixie stared dumbly, miserably. She wished she knew. Thursday lay down gracefully and regarded her friend with gentle, deep eyes.

"You know what, Dixie?" She paused to cross her front paws daintily, as Dixie gazed in admiration. "I don't love Annie."

Annie was Thursday's owner—a loud, sporty woman with a large collection of silver cups won by her even larger collection of show dogs and horses. Dixie was not surprised.

"Poor Thursday," she said, wanting timidly to lick one of her friend's satin paws, but not quite daring to. Dixie herself belonged to a little golden boy who loved her and hated her by turns, as children will.

"I don't only not love her," Thursday confided. "I hate her. What does it feel like to love someone?"

Dixie struggled for words. "It's so hard to explain," she said.

Thursday's dark eyes were turned towards the setting sun. "I have always thought it must be wonderful to belong to someone who loves you," she said gently, "because then you could love that person in return. You could have the whole world before you at one touch of a hand, one kind word, or even just a glance. I have often seen you share a secret with your little fellow that way."

"Yes," said Dixie. She was trembling.

"Oh, well!" Thursday threw herself flat on her side to make a patch of graceful darkness in the twilight. "I don't really care. It might be interesting, that's all. Come, let's run!"

With the last words she was up and away, Dixie a fraction of an instant behind her. The shadows lay black and heavy along the ground, unable to bear their own weight any longer. Thursday ran carelessly, her head held high, her tail a jaunty plume. Dixie bounced and scrambled joyously. The Irish shouted something over her shoulder; it sounded incredibly like "Have you ever seen the sea?" Dixie said "No" to herself, and resolved to do it some day. They ran on.

At the north end of the field a hill rolled gently into position, topped by two straight, gleaming bands of iron—the railroad tracks. The dogs reached the crest of the hill and raced down the man-

made path, leaping over the cinders between the even strips of wood. Thursday saw the puff of smoke on the horizon, and paused in her flight to notice the delicate curving of its misty edges.

"I can't go home until the moon is up," she resolved; she had not seen the moon for a long time.

The train whistle, when it came, had all the sorrow of a life-time in its throat. It made Thursday shudder. Suddenly she felt unbearably lonely, and turned to Dixie to regain some of her former brightness. To her surprise Dixie was not standing ready to receive a glance from her eyes; her head was turned deliberately sideways as she watched the shadows.

"Good!" thought Thursday briskly. "She's taking in what I told her."

She too looked at the shadows and saw beauty. It was just the last moment before the sun disappeared completely; the field was washed in golden brown, and the shadows were black velvet laid clearly against it. "I shall never forget that," thought Thursday; and at that instant the train struck her.

Dixie's eyes were blinded by coal dust as she twisted out of danger, but she heard Thursday's sharp cry, and felt as if a part of her own heart had gone under the grinding wheels.

It was strange to be walking homeward so slowly, but it was even stranger to be alone. Dixie could not remember ever being alone before—there had always been Thursday, there had always been the little fellow.

"I can't, I can't, I can't," she kept saying over and over to herself; but what it was she couldn't do she was not quite sure. It had something to do with living without Thursday, but on top of that was the thought of the little boy. He was so small and so happy and gay! Dixie had an idea that she had been neglecting him lately. In fact she was sure she had. Why, that was terrible. How could she have? She changed her heart-broken walk into a trot, and quickened that into a gentle run. She would have to hurry if she wanted to see him before he was put to bed. And she did want desperately to. Dixie ran on, intent on her mission. She never once glanced sideways, but she knew without turning her head that there were three shadows across the field. Far behind her the ghost of a gay and gallant Irish setter stood almost lost in the dusk. Far ahead of her the spirit of a child stood with outstretched arms and a welcoming smile, and between them was the shadow of Dixie herself, galloping gladly home to her little fellow.

Susan Kilgour, Matric.

A WISH COME TRUE

The charm of it was, that to see the Changing of the Guard had always been my childhood wish. I could remember each night before going to bed listening to Christopher Robin's exciting morning with Alice, while I snuggled down to dream my own version of the brightest parade in my imagination. Now at last, after nearly twelve years, I stood on Queen Victoria's monument waiting to see my wish come true.

The crowd was a friendly one. Everyone jostled everybody else, saying an "Excuse me" in practically any language. Camera fiends darted everywhere trying to get into position for a good picture. I clutched my own camera and strove to get an excellent vacancy I could see on the wide staircase leading up to the monument. Directly in front was Buckingham Palace and behind stretched the tree-shaded Mall. On my right were the Canadian gates given in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. To the left lay St. James Park basking in the sunshine of the hot June morning.

Then there arose a murmur of excitement in the crowd. A Southern accent beside me breathed an entranced "Oh, look!" Sure enough! Through the front arch in the Palace stepped a small brown-and-white pony ridden by a man beating two large kettle-drums braced to the flanks of the horse. Behind him followed the fresh day's watch, while immediately in front of us the retiring guard was retreating in massed formation across the courtyard of the Palace. With lightning speed and precision the two guards faced each other—rows upon rows of high, shiny patent leather boots, red tailored trousers and jackets, pleated and pressed and topped by massive black bombadier hats. Hundreds of silver buckles, buttons, and spurs and brass trumpets and tubas gleamed in the sunlight. A hush fell over the crowd as the retiring Guard Captain gave the Royal Standard to the new Commander. The ceremony completed, the brass band played a quick retreating march while the new Guard took up their posts.

Suddenly, as if moved by an unseen hand, the crowd swarmed into the Mall just in time to see the Whitehall Guard come riding around the Palace. Their handsome steeds were groomed to perfection and glistened and snorted. The men bobbed up and down, their helmet-tassels flouncing in the breeze. The sounds of swords slapping stirrups and of hooves pounding pavement died slowly away. As the last cavalry standard disappeared around a bend I knew my childhood dream had not deceived me.

Frances Harley, VI A.

"DAWN"

The tall capable young matron impatiently shoved back an unruly lock of thick blond hair (which still resisted all her efforts to incorporate it in her severe bun—betraying perhaps some inkling of a gayer nature which she tried to suppress.) With the other hand she clung tight to a small terrified waif who struggled vainly to free himself from her grip.

"Oh, Fraulein, I don't want to meet the American swines! I'll never be naughty again if only you won't make me go."

His voice quavered as he fought to keep the tears from filling his doe-like eyes—the sole legacy left him by his Italian mother. Usually they held a hint of some mischievous plan but now they were almost black with fear. The horrible nightmare which haunted him flashed vividly across his young mind—of the black nights when the sudden vivid flashes of bright lights slashed the darkness, revealing the crumbling walls of the gutted buildings—and the horrible screams of some weird monsters accompanying them; of one night in particular when he had crouched miserably beneath his bed, vainly calling for his mother who did not come;—of one bright flash and a deafening roar which brought the walls of his home tumbling down; of days he spent, weary and cold—huddled in the ruins of his home—or searching through the rubble trying to find his mother. He could not accept the fact in his five-year-old mind that she had gone forever. There he was found by some kind Germans who took him to the orphanage—his home for the past five years. He had never forgotten their words, "Ach, it was those devils—The American swines. They murdered your mama."

From that day he had borne an intense dislike for these unknown murderers. Even when his playmates would rush to the American G.I.s to receive candy he would remain aside with a hostile look.

Now he had been told that he was going to live in America as the son of a couple of these abhorred people. He was not the sort of boy to whom hate comes easily; indeed, the Americans were his sole aversion, but he never ceased to forget this. At this moment he was fighting a losing battle to escape a fate which was for him worse than death. He glanced out the window at his comrades gaily sailing paper boats in the large puddles left behind by the retreating snow. The ivy vine covering the opposite wall had sent out tiny shoots of delicate leaves as if spinning a lacy green cloth to hide the pitted walls. Brightly coloured tulips—blue, gold, and red added a touch of gaiety to the scene.

"Probably they have no beautiful spring there—in that wilderness," he sighed.

The two halted before the Door—the entrance to the forbidding, mysterious depths of the reception room—scene of many heartaches as well as many joys! The Fraulein straightened his collar and smoothed his hair. With a warning, "There is nothing to fear; remember, Franz, you are ten. Act accordingly," she opened the door and gently pushed him inside.

The door swung closed behind him. In a moment of panic he half turned aside as if to beat upon it, but remembering orders, he turned to face his future parents. The petite dark-haired woman had a kind face but her beautiful face betrayed some past suffering. She exuded a warm friendly air and involuntarily Franz felt drawn to her. The man, too, did not look remotely like the horrible ogre he had imagined, but surprisingly resembled the typical German, being strong, tall, and blonde.

But hate and fear are not so easily pushed aside. His future parents saw with a sick feeling a forlorn figure dressed in baggy trousers and sneakers, his head thrown back in a defiant gesture while he regarded them warily, clenching his fists. Only a slight tremour of the chin betrayed his fear. The atmosphere grew tense; even the drowsy spring flies halted their buzzing as if to witness the drama taking place.

Suddenly the quiet was shattered by the roar of jets! They seemed to be diving—diving straight for that room—coming nearer and nearer. The boy, his eyes dilating with shock, leaped beneath a table. A hoarse cry resounded through the room,"Mama."

The woman crawled under the table and drew the shaking child to her. Meanwhile the clamour of the jets grew dimmer as they swooped over the roof. Gradually the child became calm, while the woman in low, compassionate tones told him the story of her tragedy.

"You see, we once had a son—he would be your age now. We were visiting my parents in England when war broke out. My husband left for the U.S.A. immediately—he was a member of the State Department. I intended to follow with Johnny a week later. I can still see him"—she paused and then continued bravely, "trying to stop the tears as he waved goodbye to his father. He was only five then! They never saw each other again. Johnny and his grandparents were killed two days later when German bombs wrecked their home. I was out visiting friends at the time."

She paused briefly as she tried to control the quaver which insisted upon creeping into her voice."

"We—we wanted to have another boy as our son who had suffered as we have done."

The child hesitatingly put his small hand into hers as he looked up into her eyes—so like his own brown ones, trying to express his sympathy! He clambered out from under the table and as he helped her to her feet he turned to his father.

"Papa, come, I must show you and Mama my room."

He shyly slipped his hand into his father's immense paw, and the three walked out of the room—together.

MIKA IGNATIEFF, Matric.

——o——

A STRAY DOG

It was a cold dull afternoon as Billy walked home from school. The howling wind lashed out and angrily nipped his little snub nose, turning it a rosy red. Billy pulled his collar up around his tiny woolen cap to keep the snow from sliding down his neck, and he squinted up his round green eyes into slender black-fringed crescents to prevent the snow from stinging them. The blizzard was so ferocious and so thick, one could see barely a foot ahead.

Billy shuffled along carefully, trying not to slip on the icy pavement. Suddenly he kicked something soft, and to his horror heard a feeble little cry from below. He looked down and saw a tiny furry heap lying in the snow. On closer observation he discovered that this dirty little mass of fur and bones was a dog, and that it was gazing up at him helplessly, its huge amber eyes full of pain and fear.

"Why you poor little pup!" cried Billy, gingerly lifting the trembling little heap into his arms. "Don't worry, you'll be all right once I take you home and give you something to eat."

Carrying the dog carefully up the front steps of his house, he opened the door. In his hurry and excitement Billy forgot to take off his boots and bounded into the bright warm kitchen leaving behind him a dirty track of melting snow mixed with mud. He laid the puppy on the kitchen table.

"Now little man, I'll bring you your dinner. It'll probably be the first dinner you'll have had in a long time too," he muttered, feeling the puppy's sharp ribs.

Billy heated some milk to just the right temperature and, with great dignity, tested it on his wrist. Unfortunately the dog did not seem to want the milk, for it just lay shivering and whimpering softly on the table.

Sudden fear stabbed through Bill's body and he thought, "Oh, my heavens! You're not going to die are you, Puppy? You can't do that. I won't let you, Pups. I want you warm and strong and happy once more. Think of all the fun we can have together. In the summer we live in the country, Puppy, and behind my house there's a huge green field, just full of rabbits and other delightful things for you to chase. I've never had a little dog before, Puppy, although I've always wanted one. Oh, you've just got to live!"

Billy held the milk near the dog's wee black button of a nose so he could smell its sweet richness. The Pup opened its eyes for a minute, looked at Billy gratefully, then shut them again. Billy looked at the little dog, at its closed eyes with their long silky lashes, and at the tiny drops of melted snow, resembling tear drops, covering its matted taffy-coloured fur. Gently he began to pull off some of the hard lumps of ice from the puppy's dainty little paws, and its listless stub of a tail. Then again he coaxed the pup to drink. At last it opened its mouth, and slowly, so slowly, licked a small amount of milk from the glass bowl Billy held out to it. The dog shivered a little as the milk slid down its throat; then lay still once more.

All night long Billy sat with the dog, stroking it gently, ever so gently. Once in a while he tried to force a little more milk down its throat. Billy got more tired as the night ebbed away. His face lost its sanguine glow and dark circles like smudges of charcoal lay under his eyes. At last dawn came, and with it more snow. The sky was as grey and as dull as before. Billy put his hand over the puppy's heart and gazed down at him sorrowfully. The pup suddenly lifted its little head, its eyes adoring and grateful. Billy bent down while the dog licked him softly on the cheek, then it lay down and wagged its little stub of a tail. Billy's eyes shone with happiness.

"You'll be all right," he cried! But the moment he spoke, Billy felt the heart beat once only, and then lie silent. With an agonized groan he buried his head in the puppy's soft fur and cried as though his heart would break. This time the drops that resembled tears sparkling on the pup's coat were real.

PENNY PARSONS, Matric.



ON LISTENING TO MUSIC

If you find yourself alone at home some evening with nothing in particular to do, curl up in an armchair in front of the crackling fire, turn the lights low, and explore the world of music. What is more enjoyable or relaxing? There are some who pass through life always in top gear and never stop to let the soothing notes of good music seep through their troubled minds and bodies, refreshing and strengthening them for what is still to come. Others, too, are thrilled only by the loud and rasping sounds which pour unceasingly from the wireless on the "Hit Parade" or from some jazz concert. Many too have never had the opportunity of listening to good music and those who have, sometimes never take advantage of their fortunate position.

There is a time and place for all music and one cannot do better than to taste of it all, but to-night we are going to listen to the music which was written by great composers and which has stood the test of time. Perhaps you prefer to sit alone in the darkened room to listen to your records but if you have a friend who enjoys music too, she may be good company for you. Do not invite a person to your house who you know will not stop talking, for you cannot listen to music and carry on a conversation at the same time. There are some who read while they are listening but these hear only the outline of the piece and never learn to understand what is happening, or feel that they are taking part in it. So, if you really want to listen to your record collection and get to know it, do not plan to catch up on the neighbourhood gossip at the same time.

What pieces have you in your collection, and what mood are you in? The kind of music you play depends so much on the latter; it is up to you to decide what you would like to hear most. It is advisable to try to collect through the years a large variety of records and then you may pick and choose as the whim takes you, and enjoy it so much more.

Soon the choice has been made and the melody of the first record swells through the room and transports you to another land. As the sound of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" reaches you the flames of the fire change into a dark green wood with elves and spirits dancing around and a graceful queen under a spell talking to a donkey. Then, suddenly the picture changes and you see a land still and asleep, bathed in moonlight with the sound of the "Moonlight Sonata" re-echoing through the silent air. The rippling notes of the "Rustle of Spring" bring you out of your reverie and you find yourself imagining children and animals frolicking in the fields, the smell of an April shower, and all the beauties connected with Spring. How often are you taken to different lands and into other seasons. All too soon you realize the evening is over and it is time to go to bed.

You turn off the gramophone, and put away the records and then after locking up the house you find yourself floating up the stairs and waltzing down the passage with the strain of one of Strauss' waltzes still in your ears. It is not hard to go to sleep when you are rocked by the sound of "Brahms' Lullaby" and your deep and peaceful dreams are full of gentle fairies and kind, enchanted queens!

PATRICIA JACKSON, Matric.

TWILIGHT

Twilight was a young stallion. He was big, sixteen hands, and would be even bigger when he was older. His legs were long and powerfully muscled, his neck massive and arched, his coat as black as coal and shining like silk. Yes, he was a handsome young horse.

Twilight belonged to the Brown family whose cottage was situated on the outskirts of Balloon Town. Kenny, the only child of the Browns, had received Twilight four years ago on his ninth birthday. He was proud to be master of a horse, especially Twilight. Kenny's usual routine was to get up early in the morning, ride Twilight down to see the yearlings, feed him, have his own breakfast, then run off to school.

In school his mind would wander off to the summer holidays, which were only two weeks away, and the shows that he and Twilight were going to enter together. He would wait impatiently for the bell to ring so that he could get home and train Twilight in the large paddock behind their big red barn. In every show that Twilight had entered, he had come at least third and usually second or first. There was one thing, however, that worried Kenny. His parents had told him that they might have to sell Twilight because they could not afford to keep him, but if he worked hard and came first in his class they would not sell Twilight. Kenny had not been doing well in school at all, and his parents knew all about it. He knew and realised that the time had come when he must settle down and work in all his subjects. He had to show his parents that he could come first and above all be able to keep his favourite companion, Twilight.

During the next week Kenny was doing extremely well in school asking very intelligent questions. Mrs. Darling, his teacher, began to wonder what on earth had come over him. After two weeks of hard study, the test week was over and report day had come. Kenny decided that he was going to bring a big red apple for Mrs. Darling. If he came first, he would give it to her; but if he didn't she would not get it. He rose very early in the morning, went for a long ride on Twilight, had breakfast and ran off to school.

As the kitchen door slammed behind him Mrs. Brown leaned over the table and said, "George, do we have to sell Twilight today. Kenny has been working very hard these last few weeks and he might come first?"

"So what if he does come first," replied Mr. Brown.

"Well, we said we wouldn't sell Twilight if he came first," Mrs. Brown stammered.

"If that's the case, we shall let Mr. Rhinestone see how he likes Twilight and judge from there," Mr. Brown argued.

Meanwhile, Kenny had reached school and was sitting nervously on his desk at the back of the room. Mrs. Darling, a sweet old lady with grey hair, spectacles and sparkling eyes, was putting the reports in order.

"Kenny, how do you think you did?" asked tall lanky John Baird who wore horned-rimmed glasses and was extremely intelligent.

"Oh, oh, I, I, d-o-n-'t know," answered Kenny shakingly.

"Silence, please," urged Mrs. Darling.

"The time has come to give out the reports. Some have earned their holidays; others have not, but to all of you I wish a happy summer vacation."

Cheers came from the class and John Baird presented Mrs. Darling with a corsage. She thanked her class.

"You may leave when you receive your report. There is one boy I am very pleased with and this is Kenny Brown who has come first this term with 92%." She looked down the aisle to where Kenny was seated and gave him an affectionate smile.

Kenny's face beamed with joy. He received his report, gave Mrs. Darling the apple, and ran out into the street. He ran as fast as he could down the the street, through the valley and along the path to his home. He burst through the door.

"Mummy, Mummy, where are you? I came first; I came first."

There was no answer.

"Oh well I'll go and show Twilight my report. I guess Mum's over at Aunt Lucy's."

He raced upstairs, jumped into his old jeans and plaid shirt and ran down to the barn, with his report clutched in his hand. He lifted the familiar iron latch.

"Twilight, we can keep you; we can keep you because I came first," he yelled as he opened the large wooden door.

"Twilight, Twilight, T-w-i-l-i-g-h-t, where are you? Where are you?

Twilight wasn't in his stall. His full water bowl stood in the same corner. The carrot which he got once a day lay on the window ledge untouched and even his food box was full.

Kenny's heart began to beat faster, this time not with excitement.

"Did they sell Twilight without letting me know' he thought to himself. "But he is mine, he's mine, he's mine."

Kenny walked slowly up to the cottage path. His big blue eyes filled with tears. He bit his lip bravely. He opened the kitchen door, threw his report on the table and walked slowly up to his room. His heart began to beat faster and faster. All the memories of Twilight ran through his mind. The warm tears began to run slowly down his freckled face. He lay on his bed and cried, 'til his heart almost broke.

"Why did they sell him? I came first in my class and I loved him. He was my only companion," he sobbed bitterly into his pillow.

Finally Mr. and Mrs. Brown arrived home and saw Kenny's report on the kitchen table. They opened it anxiously and smiled at each other happily when they found that he had come first.

"Thank goodness Mr. Rhinestone has become allergic to horses," sighed Mrs. Brown.

"Kenny dear, where are you?"

Kenny did not answer.

Mrs. Brown went up to Kenny's room and when she saw his face stained with tears she said, "Kenny, we're very proud of you and we aren't going to sell Twilight. Mr. Rhinestone has become allergic to horses."

Kenny's face lit up once again and his mouth dropped open.

"Mummy, are we really keeping him?

"Yes, dear," and she leaned over and kissed him lovingly, and from the barn Kenny heard the familar N-A-A-Y of Twilight.

JOANNE MILLAR, VI B.

UNFAIR PREJUDICE

"Good-morning, Sir," called Fred Welsley good naturedly as he strolled through the open door of the International Airbase in Los Angeles and walked across the spacious waiting room towards a large desk in the corner.

He was a tall, well-built man of twenty-three and his fairish hair was brushed neatly off his dark suntanned face, except for one stubborn piece that always seemed to fall across his forehead and dangle tantalizingly in front of his eager blue eyes. Although he was still young, Fred had been flying for over five years and was now an accomplished pilot. He had always loved his work, flying up over the world to far off lands and testing dangerous new planes, and now as he stood smartly at attention in front of Mr. Mansfeld, head of the airbase, he wondered excitedly what his next job would be.

"Well Welsley," said Captain Mansfeld as he looked up from his work into Fred's eager eyes, "Are you feeling in top shape today?"

"Yes, Sir," Fred quickly replied, as his mind raced over possible jobs he might have to do.

"Good, because we've got a rather tough assignment for you this time. The new trainer has to be tested and you're the only one who can do the job, so we're sending you up to Alaska and ah—lieutenant ah—Caroline will be going with you," he added these words hesitatingly as he watched all the eagerness drain out of Fred's bright eyes.

"But Sir, I.. I.." Fred tried to argue, but it was useless.

"Did you hear me, Welsley, you'll be ready in ten minutes on runway 10," Mansfeld said quickly, hoping to avoid unpleasantness as he knew only too well of Fred's prejudice against the negro.

This eager young pilot had always been very happy at the airbase and was liked by everyone; however, a little over six months ago Caroline, a brilliant young negro engineer, had been hired at the base and Welsley had always felt very strongly against the black race. He had never given the negro a chance to show off his good qualities and had done everything in his power to get Caroline dismissed and everyone else to turn against the innocent, hardworking engineer. Fred stood now in front of his boss, repeating Mansfeld's command and glaring desperately at the Captain, but he knew that there was no use arguing. He saluted despondently and walked from the room.

In exactly ten minutes the young airman walked out onto the field, surveyed the plane and climbed into the cockpit where he waited for his unwelcome companion.

Caroline, having checked and rechecked the engines of the plane, soon joined him.

"Got all your woolies?" he smiled, trying to be as friendly as he could, for he knew of Welsley's intense dislike of him; however, amazingly enough, the young negro had never borne him any grudge, a fact which annoyed Fred immensely. The usually friendly pilot grunted a reply and started the plane.

It glided quietly along through the fluffy white clouds and across the bright blue sky. It was a beautiful plane, thought Fred as he tried the different engines and tested it in every way possible. The hours passed by with scarcely a word passing between the two occupants, though Caroline had tried his best to be friendly even after all the things Welsley had done to him; however, Fred seemed too absorbed in his flying to be bothered with the negro.

Suddenly as Welsley sent the plane into a deep swoop-turn towards the icy world below him to reassure himself that the cold would not bother its flying, one of the engines, without any previous signs of faltering burst into flames.

"Didn't you check all the engines?" he screamed as he turned desperately towards Caroline, but before the poor engineer could reply the plane lurched terribly and began to lose altitude. Quickly Fred tried to get it under control and prepare for a crash landing. At the same time he sent out messages for help over the transmitter, giving his whereabouts as exactly as he could. Then all of a sudden the plane gave another terrific lurch towards the ground and Fred, losing his balance, pitched forward and crashed his head against the control board. As his companion was knocked unconscious and the plane began hurtling towards the ice below, Caroline quickly grabbed the controls. Miraculously the young negro managed to get control of the plane, barely a hundred feet above ground, and with deft ability he landed it on a fairly smooth stretch of ice and brought it to a grinding stop. Then, even though he realized that the plane was about to burst into flames as one wing was already on fire, he stopped where Welsley lay crumpled on the floor and with all his strength he lifted him up and leapt with the limp body out of the death trap just as it burst into fire, sending sparks flying out over the deserted snow fields.

For a few minutes both bodies lay motionless in the cold snow, but presently Caroline, recovering consciousness, began to examine Fred as the latter lay groaning on the cold ground. Both had suffered severe shock and were bruised and burnt, but they were in amazingly good condition considering the circumstances. Caroline luckily had strapped emer-

gency provisions onto his back before they had crashed and now wrapped both himself and his companion in warm blankets as they prepared to wait and pray for a rescue plane.

For hours the two lay motionless neither saying very much as they were both in serious condition and knew that they had very little hope of rescue, even if their messages had got through, but the brave young engineer still tried to be helpful and encouraged his companion from time to time, as the latter began to lose his will to live. Then as Caroline's eyes desperately swept the sky for the hundredth time, he suddenly spotted a dark speck, growing larger and larger against the blue background. He rubbed his eyes over and over again, hardly believing what he saw, but sure enough it was a rescue plane. Excitedly Caroline turned towards Fred, but Welsley was once again unconscious.

The plane landed easily on the snow, as it had skis instead of wheels, and the half-dead airmen were lifted aboard and flown to the nearest hospital. It was over a week before Fred was able to realize what had happened to him and it took still another week of pleading before he was allowed to see his rescuer. Then the scene as the white pilot tried to express his gratitude and ask forgiveness of the man who had saved his life, can hardly be described. This same man, whom he had always heartlessly scorned and thought of as unworthy to eat the crumbs from under his table, was now the object of his sincerest praise and thanks.

After this accident, Fred's whole attitude towards negroes changed and Caroline became his greatest friend, but he never forgave himself for his former narrow-mindedness or forgot the fact that this negro risked his life to save a man who had always shown him nothing but hate and had made his first year in the airforce nothing but misery.

MARIAN MACDOUGALL, Matric.

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THE CANDLE

Everyone knew that the old house had been condemned and that any minute of any hour of any day it might come crashing down. It was the coldest, bitterest time of winter and the roof of the old house sagged under its heavy burden of snow. We children knew something about the house that nobody else knew. Somebody or Something was in it, because from an upper window, in the dead of night, a single candle threw its eerie glow into the darkness.

Every night, one of six of the neighbourhood children (of which I was the youngest) stood watch to see if it was still there and if the candle still flickered in the window. It was clearly our duty to keep the THING inside the house, though it had never occurred to any of us what we would do if It should get out! Night after night there was a frozen and terrified little guard to watch as a dark, shapeless silhouette glided past the window.

My turn had come and although it had taken a good bit of coaxing to convince Russ (a mature six-year-old) that I was capable of giving warning without letting It catch me if anything happened, I stood there rooted to the spot, a faint blur in the swirling snow and engulfing darkness. I had given up trying to convince myself that I was brave. I wanted more than anything to be out of sight, hearing, reach and remembrance of that horrid place. Suddenly the candle in the window flickered and went out. It was just too much for me. In a fit of terror I turned and fled.

The six of us met at the appointed time the next night and set out with determination for the old house. Russ had decided that we must kill the THING. Having arrived there we tip-toed through vast, dust-smothered halls, all of us heavily armed with darning needles, kitchen knives, scissors, and whatever sharp, blunt or heavy instruments we could lay hands on. As the determined little figures filed up the stairs with Russ at their head, their hearts beat so loudly that each one was sure the sound could be heard all over the house. The leader was standing up admirably (though his lower lip trembled—just a little.) There at the top of the stairs stood the door of the room, black and awful. Slowly Russ turned the stiff door-knob. Then with a spurt of boldness he kicked the door open.

There on the cot lay a dirty, unloved and untended body. As we drew nearer we realized that this must be a tramp whose life, in unison with the flickering candle, had been snuffed out by the cold and the wind. Scattered about the room were his few belongings—a pair of old shoes, a piece of stale bread, and a torn coat. That was all. A little copper crucifix, however, was clutched to his heart. It had been his last source of love and hope. He had, because of his lack of other things, found the one true source of peace, love, and hope which many others with years of "sweat and toil" had failed to find. All our fears vanished instantly, and solemnly we promised to keep silent and bury the body the following day.

The old man never received even that one kindness, for early the following morning the old house collapsed, and the body was never found in the dusty, snow-covered ruins.

JUDY PERRON, VI A.

LOVE—PAST AND PRESENT

"Kevin has no mother; Kevin has no mother," chorused a group of small boys.

"Your mother was always sick; she wasn't as pretty as my mother," boasted a rough-looking rogue.

The small dark boy to whom these taunts were directed bit his lip, then threw himself upon his chief tormenter. The pair crashed to the ground, with the smaller form on top of the larger, who was sprawled in the dust helpless beneath the darting blows of his opponent. The school yard rang with the cheers of the on-lookers. Suddenly the Head Master, impressive in his black robes, swept through the ring of spectators and grabbed the culprits by their collars, dragging them apart.

"What's going on here?" he boomed. "Like fighting, eh? Well, I'll beat the fighting spirit out of you two," and he shoved the boys ahead of him up the flight of stone stairs that led to the formidable brick school house.

"Wow! Is Crandall ever going to catch it now!" murmured a fair-haired freckled lad. "I feel kinda sorry for him. I'd hate not to have a mother or any brothers or even sisters."

"What's he always get so mad for when we tease him?" asked another. "Guess he just can't take it."

The group dispersed gradually and melted up the stairs into the building. A bell rang and a few late-comers darted into their places in the classroom. The teacher entered and the lesson began.

Kevin Crandall leaned his sleek dark head on his sunburnt hand and gazed out of the window, a far-away smile on his small brown face, his large brown eyes dreamy. Then suddenly his brows cleared, he frowned, and the rapt look was gone. He clenched his fists and grit his teeth. He'd show them; he'd show them all. He straightened in his chair and glared pugnaciously around the room.

It was dark when Kevin, clad in dirty blue jeans and torn tee shirt, scuffed his way up the front path to his house and, pulling a key from his pocket, let himself in. It was dark and silent inside. He switched on the kitchen light and found a sandwich, a bottle of pop, and a banana sitting on the table with a note which read: "Your father will not be in until late. Eat your supper and don't be late going to bed.—Mrs. Ferguson."

Kevin swallowed, and tears stung his eyes. It was hard for a nine-year-old to come home full of news to an empty house; not even Mrs. Ferguson, the housekeeper, was home. There was an empty feeling in him. He had no one to love and there was no one to love him, except his father, but he was always busy, hardly ever at home, and almost never there when Kevin was. The boy devoured the sandwich and banana, turned off the light and went up the long dark staircase to his little room. His footsteps echoed in the empty house.

As he put on the light Kevin noticed an envelope propped against the radio. He opened it, and following the words with a grimy finger he read:

"Tuesday"

"Hello Darling,

"How are you? I hope you are being a really good boy as you promised me you would be. Please always do everything that your Daddy tells you to, for even though he may be too busy to show it, he loves you very much, as I do. I understand how you feel, dear; it's natural and right that you should miss your dear mother so much and that you should feel lonely and empty. But all the tears and longing in the world won't bring her back, pet. She's very happy where she is, in Paradise, and I know you would not want to make her sad by seeing you unhappy. So keep your chin up, darling, and I shall be down to see you as soon as possible. Be good and have fun.

"All my love,
"Granny."

Kevin folded the paper and laid it gently beside the lamp. He walked to the bedside and from beneath the pillow drew a picture of a pretty dark lady. He studied it for a moment then returned it to its place and threw himself violently across the bed; the empty feeling filled him completely. He cried and cried until finally he slept.

Late that evening a good-looking woman, chic in a slim black taffeta cocktail dress, entered the room. A mist of exotic perfume enfolded her as she knelt beside the bed. The moonlight made a halo of her blonde hair, and her pearls glowed as they caught the light. She gently removed the clothes from the sleeping child and slipped on the pyjamas she found in the cupboard. Turning down the covers, she gently laid him in the warm bed.

Kevin lay sniffing the deliclous scent, and listening to the rustling of her dress as she bent over him. He wriggled. He liked Meg; she had been a great friend of his mother's. He slowly opened his eyes and grinned. "Hi, Meg," he whispered. "Dad Home?"

"Yes, Honey, we just got in. You fell asleep with all your clothes on, you silly boy," and she smiled. Her face lit up with love, and the boy felt warm and tingly; the empty feeling had gone.

"Gosh you're pretty, Meg," he said.

She smiled, and as she bent down to kiss him good-night, Kevin put out his arms and hugged her affectionately. From the doorway Mr. Crandall smiled and sighed happily. Both their lives would be a little less empty of love from now on.

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS, VI B.

A FISH FOR A DAY

As I sat listening to a group of deep-sea divers tell tales of life under-water, I had a sudden desire to be a fish. I thought what it would be like to live deep down in the splendour of an under-water palace. Then I found myself slowly changing into a brightly speckled trout with large spots and fins. I swam easily down, down to the dark world below. I got to the bottom and found myself among a group of fish, some large, some small, some speckled and others striped or plain. Making my way out of the throng I swam into a mass of water ferns and flowers, where I rested.

Soon a friendly sunfish came up to me and said, "Would you like to come with me to explore a sunken ship over yonder?"

I answered with an eager "Yes," and off we glided, making our way through tunnels and archways until we came to a weather-beaten ship at the bottom. We swam onto it and explored it, but much to our disappointment we did not find anything that interested us.

We were about to turn back and go where we had started from when Pinky, the sunfish, said, "Let us go up to the surface and have a sun-bath."

Up, up, up we swam until we reached the surface of the clear blue water. The sun was shining and all was peaceful until suddenly we heard a tremendous splash and a huge fish appeared on the surface.

"Oh," I cried, "who is it?"

Pinky replied, "Come quickly; he is very dangerous, and we must not let him catch us."

With a sorrowful glance at the smiling sun we dived into the depth of the ocean, the monster at our tails. When we got to the bottom we wound in and out of the fungi and water creatures in hope of losing the monster, but with no success. Just as we were coming in sight of the destroyed ship I heard a terrified wail and looked behind to find Pinky's tail caught in the monster's mouth. The monster was moving toward Pinky's head, and bit by bit Pinky's body was disappearing into the mouth of the monster.

Suddenly a sound startled me and I awoke to find that I had only been dreaming of being a fish.

ELIZABETH ANGUS, VI B.

PRIMA BALLERINA

Out in the wings of the huge stage a young ballerina stood, nervously tightening the satin ribbons of her toe shoes.

"Where is he?" she asked crossly. "Why isn't he here now?"

She was thinking of Antoine, the man who was to dance with her out on that wide stage in front of all those people.

Suddenly he was beside her. "Do not be afraid, my little one," he whispered reassuringly; "you will be superb; you must be superb. Please do not worry."

She looked up at his worried face and laughed gently. "I have never been as calm in all my life."

Her heart was beating furiously, though, and through her mind raced all the things she had ever been told, and everything that she could do wrong. She had to prove herself! This was her first appearance on the stage alone and she had to show what she could do.

The orchestra had begun to play. She was to dance as she had never danced before! Her fright gone, she grasped Antoine's hand and together they looked out on the vast stage. The heavy gold curtain was rising! Suddenly they were on the stage. They twirled and leaped and floated together as one, unmindful of the audience that sat spellbound at their performance. The ballerina felt all the sorrow of Gisele as she forsook her lover and fled.

As suddenly as the dance had begun it was over, and she was bowing and smiling to the audience as the clapping rose and fell in the waves of a huge ovation. She had never been so happy in all her life, ...someone was giving her flowers—

"Get up, get up," a harsh voice called.

Where was the stage and the audience and where were the flowers?

The voice continued, "Get up; it's nine o'clock and you have ballet class this morning!"

She sat up, rubbing her sleep-filled eyes. She sighed and slipped out of bed.

"My heart's desire," she whispered softly.

DIANA MACDOUGALL, VI B.

THE CHESTNUT STALLION

Thunder crashed in the skies like a bowling ball striking nine pins, and jagged orange streaks of lightning illuminated the night skies. There had never been a night like this in Northern Montana before. The rain fell down in torrents harder and harder, faster and faster, turning little streams into raging channels and muddy rivers into a deluge of broken sticks and trees. No man could withstand the elements on a night like this, no man and—no horse.

A solitary figure trudged through the storm, a little boy. Over his back hung a half filled sack of stones that he had been collecting along the river bed. His manner of walking showed that he was lost and the pitiful expression on his face showed that he was very badly frightened. Two big brown eyes looked pleadingly into the storm, speaking when his quivering lips could not.

"Where are Mummy and Daddy? I want them awfully badly — please where're Mummy and Daddy?"

Only the storm answered with grumbles and growls and groans, bringing more rain and more thunder.

Suddenly a big pine crashed to the ground just behind him, the force of the branches knocking him down. He lay in the mud, very still, just a little crumpled form, while a stream of tears trickled down his cheeks. Gathering his remaining strength he lifted himself until he stood upright, his once curly brown hair wetly clinging to his head. Step by step he fought the storm until he stopped before an enormous wall of stone rising above him. It was very gray and obscure in the night, but the big rocks could offer him a shelter until the rain stopped and Mummy came. Climbing over some fallen rocks bordering the wall, he suddenly stopped. There in front of him loomed the mouth of a big cave. It offered an inkling of hope, and maybe that is where Mummy and Daddy were. Slowly, hesitatingly, he stumbled towards it, until he stood at the entrance and peered in. A thick layer of dirt covered the floor and it looked soft—oh so very soft. Curling up just inside he closed his eyes and tried to sleep. Suddenly a noise and a scuffle of feet echoed from wall to wall. The child jumped up and ran towards the sound, sure that it was Mummy and Daddy coming to save him and take him away from this horrible night. But it was not Mummy or Daddy; it was a big chestnut stallion which had also come to the cave for shelter. The stallion stood there with flicking ears, eyeing the little figure stumbling towards him, his big muscles quivering, his whole body stiff, not knowing whether to run from or fight this object, this man-cub. But he didn't do either when the little creature touched him and cried out to him. He just stood there very quietly, a king in all his beauty, for the first time letting himself be touched, and listening tentatively to the faltering voice. The two stood for a long time until at last the stallion led the child out of the cave and into the raging storm. Over fallen trees and bracken he led him, his huge body protecting the boy from the rain, his animal instinct guiding him where he wanted to go. An hour passed, and then two, and soon the pair stopped before a desolate house nestled on a slope high above the flood line. The child, seeing a light through the window rushed to the door and beat his fists on it with all his might. The stallion stood in the background watching, waiting. Suddenly the door opened, casting a line of light across the ground onto the boy and the horse.

A woman's voice exclaimed, "Why, that's Mrs. Potter's Danny. What 'nearth is the 'ittle lad doin' out et this taime o' the night? Look at thet horse too! Brad, quick, bring a halter fer h—"

But she didn't finish her sentence. As the child and woman gazed at the stallion he whistled a warning scream, and whirling around disappeared into the darkness, the sound of his hoofbeats dying into the night air.

Susan Blackburn, VI A.

WINTER

Yesterday was winter in her roughest mood. The blustering wind sent stinging clouds of snow against any obstacle in its path. The enormous heavy flakes bent to the ground the heads of the discouraged trees. The pure white drifts piling steadily up seemed to cut one off from the rest of the world and to accentuate the coldness of the day, while the great power of the snow made one feel very small. Yesterday was indeed a day I shall never forget, as it showed me the power and enormous capacity of winter.

Ruth Peverley, V A.


SILENCE
GENIUS
AT WORK









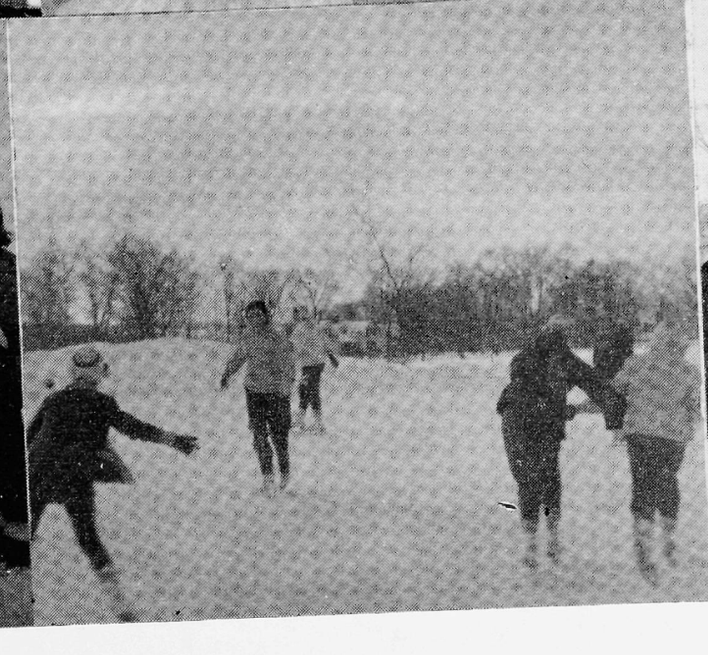



CUBA











THE AWAKENING

It was Spring. The birds sat on the branches of the newly blossoming trees and warbled happily. The flowers were poking their heads out of the fresh moist earth to look at the cloudless blue sky, and the young breeze skipped merrily through the new-born leaves which waved and rustled ever so softly.

Gretchen Richards, who lived in a large white house in the country, sat at her bedroom window and listened to this lovely symphony that Nature had composed. She loved music! She could sit still for hours on end and just listen and listen to beautiful music. She had once said to her mother, "You know, Mum, I don't think I could bear to live if I couldn't hear."

Tomorrow was Gretchen's birthday. She would be fourteen. Her parents, although not very well off, had promised to give her a complete record set of the ballet "Swan Lake." She had heard it on the radio many times and knew it by heart but was longing to own the records herself. Tomorrow they would be hers!

As she sat there by her window, she heard a voice call to her from the garden below. "Hurry up, Gretchen! It's ten o'clock."

"Coming Derek," she called back.

Derek was her sixteen-year-old-brother, a tall handsome boy with dark brown hair that had a bad habit of falling over his forehead. Living out in the country, as they did, they had made a habit of going fishing every Saturday morning. This morning they planned to try a new place—Eagle Rapids where there were stepping stones from which one could fish.

"Have you our lunch with you, Derek?" she teased, as the large hamper was in plain sight.

"No," replied her brother, "it is full of worms!"

Then he picked up the hamper and they set off. Ten minutes later, they arrived at the rapids. One hour later Derek had caught two fish and Gretchen none.

"I'm going to try fishing from the stepping stones," yelled Gretchen above the roar of the rapids.

"All right, but be careful; I want you to stay in one piece!"

"Don't worry about me, my good man, I can take care of myself!"

For a minute Derek sat on the bank and watched her. He was lucky to have this tall, slim, good-natured girl for his sister. Her long black hair was lying in wet curls against her red blouse and he watched her as she skipped nimbly from stone to stone. Just then she slipped and pitched forward in the churning water. She screamed! Derek rushed over the stones and grabbed at the piece of red which was all he could see. He carefully hoisted her up onto his shoulders and made his way to the shore, then headed home.

When Gretchen awoke two hours later, she found herself in her own bed. Everything was so quiet; even her mother's skirt did not rustle when she walked across the room to Gretchen's bed.

"Hello, Mum," she said weakly.

"Gretchen, darling! Are you feeling all right?"

"Why doesn't she answer me?" thought Gretchen to herself.

She opened her eyes wide and looked at her mother, noticing that her mouth was moving—she was speaking! With a huge sob that shook her whole body, she threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed incoherently.

"I can..can't hear! I..Ican't h..hear!"

Mrs. Richards drew her closer and waited for the sobbing to subside. It seemed to her as if she were holding her little baby who had just received its first real injection and is both hurt and angry and takes out this resentment by making the loudest possible noise. She could say nothing to comfort her child this time as her words would not be heard. She rocked back and forth very slowly and soon Gretchen fell into an exhausted sleep.

That night the doctor from the city arrived. Gretchen's worried parents faced him, their anxiety standing out in their eyes.

"Will she be all right? Will she ever hear again?" The questions tumbled out one after another.

The kindly doctor faced them and in a gentle tone tried to explain what had happened.

"Your daughter has a rare kind of deafness. Judging from what you have told me about her accident, I'm convinced that it is shock that is the cause. If I went into technical terms I'm afraid you would not understand so I'll tell you simply. I don't know how long she will remain deaf. It might be only a few hours, or days, or perhaps months before she will hear again. I cannot say how long her awakening to the sounds of this world will be. I suggest that she learn to lip-read and try to live a perfectly normal life. It will be hard for her at first, but she must try. I shall consult Dr. Hoetzer and see if he will be willing to perform an operation on your daughter. He has specialized in deafness ever since his wife went deaf and committed suicide because of it. I'll let you know when I learn his answer. Good-bye, and don't hesitate to call me if anything should happen."

The days dragged by for Gretchen. She had had a miserable soundless birthday with only notes to read instead of hearing all the familiar sounds and voices she so longed to hear—and her music! Her "Swan Lake" which she had wanted for so long and couldn't even hear now that she had it!

Saturday came, but despite Derek's pleas to go fishing at their usual quiet stream, Gretchen would not budge from the house. She had started taking lessons in lip-reading and was coming along very well indeed.

The next morning she refused to go to Church with her parents. "What's the use," she had said. "I can't hear anything!"

When she had seen them drive off in the family car, she ran to her room, threw herself on her bed and cried until she thought she would burst. "Oh Father," she said, "please let me hear again. I don't mean to be selfish because I do think of all the other deaf people and pray for them too, but I'm so miserable! You have the power to help me, Father, oh please do!"

She played checkers with Derek that afternoon and then helped him practise baseball in the backyard. She wanted him to be on his school team as much as he did.

She tumbled into bed at ten o'clock that night, dead tired, but slept fitfully. A few hours later she woke up suddenly and sat up with a start. Was she imagining things or was it true? No. Wait! There it was again! And again!—an owl's doleful cry. She leaped out of bed and tore into her parents' room, noticing every little sound—the thump on the floor as she jumped out of bed, the patter of her feet along the hall, her parents' soft steady breathing and then when she bounced on their bed, the frightened cry of her mother.

"Gretchen! Darling! Is anything wrong?"

"No, no, Mum, Dad, I can hear again. I dreamed that I heard an owl hoot— and then I up—I mean I woke up and it was real! Please may I go downstairs and listen to my record?"

"Certainly darling, we'll come with you. Daddy will go and wake Derek and we'll all celebrate your birthday again!"

The following day Mrs. Richards phoned the doctor and told him the good news. He also had some good news. Dr. Hoetzer had agreed to perform the operation—he would give the details later.

Gretchen knew that she might be deaf again but said matter-of-factly to herself, "Even though I may never be completely cured I know I'll be able to look forward to these rare moments.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE, Matric.

THE EXPECTED GUEST

A little while ago I received a letter from my sister Elizabeth, asking me if I would look after Peter while she and John, her husband, went to Bermuda for a month. Although I have never been fond of children I felt it my duty to take care of him.

The day before his arrival I admit I was a little nervous, never having had any experience with children. Martha, my maid, gave the house a thorough cleaning while I baked cookies, cakes, and other things I imagined children liked. We converted the spare room into a playroom and even tried to put up a swing in the backyard.

The next day I waited anxiously for the time he was to arrive, occasionally giving the house finishing touches. Any guest of mine was going to be treated hospitably—even if he was only a child.

At last the doorbell rang! I hurried to the door and opened it. "Do come—but where is the boy?"

Standing in front of me were Elizabeth, John, and a big German Shepherd dog, but no Peter.

Liz and John look at each other and started shaking with laughter.

"Didn't you know that Peter is a dog? Jeff is the boy; he is sitting in the car."

JOAN CORDEAU, V A.

KILLARNY IN JANUARY

That misty day in January was the best time of the year to visit Killarny. I can remember my amazement as my eyes wandered over the singular scene. Scattered here and there in the blue-grey sky were ash-coloured clouds, while below lay the heather-clad hills of Killarny. There were bare, rugged rocks surrounded by tufts of tall faded grass, bits of bottle-green lichen, and masses and masses of purple heather. Gushing through one mauve, rocky hillside flowed a miniature waterfall into a broad stream below. Glistening waves of icy-cold water gurgled over the stones of a partly demolished, crescent-shaped bridge. The river went bubbling on while the bridge led to a pebble-covered road bordered by mauve heather. At the bend of the road I saw a typical Irish country cottage with weather-beaten walls and a clumsy-looking thatched roof. The cottage was partly concealed among the heather and the rising mist. From its lop-sided chimney rose a curl of smoke mingling with the haze and the passing clouds. Beyond this I could see no more. Gathering up my coat and lunch-box I continued on my way—over the old stone bridge, past the little cottage and around the bend to more beauty.

CYNTHIA BAILEY, VI B.

ON RUNNING AWAY

Does anyone ever really enjoy running away? I certainly don't think so, but I remember when I was five and a half years old I vowed I would run away from home and never come back. The idea started one morning when I wasn't allowed to wear my new party dress to school.

I remember thinking, "What are party dresses for if you can't even wear them to school to show everyone?"

Then numerous thoughts beseiged me. Why are mothers so nasty about whether you eat all your food? Why are baths so necessary, and why do people insist that you have them just as you are starting an exciting game? As I could find no possible answer to these questions I decided without hesitation that the only solution would be to run away. Perhaps I could find a place where big people didn't tell you what to do, or perhaps there might even be a place with no grown-ups at all. I contemplated allowing Maisie, my older sister, to come with me, but I decided that even she was too old, and besides she had once even laughed at the idea that she and I should run away together. Of course I was only little then and had got scared before I had got even out the door, but this time I was really running away. I was going to make Mummy and Daddy sorry that they had been so mean to me and perhaps some day I would visit them when they were very old and say I forgave them. Then they wouldn't die with guilty consciences. Thus on June the second, nineteen hundred and forty-four, I left home never to return.

I walked boldly down Summerhill Avenue, filled with new ideas and the hatred of bossy parents. I carried Georgina, my koala bear, because Mummy had once said that Georgina would have to go out for she was losing her stuffing all over the house. Imagine wanting to throw out Georgina! I could never let that happen, and so Georgina was coming with me to a land where no one would want to throw her away. I decided to go and say good-bye to Jimmy the organ-grinder, who always played at the corner of Guy and St. Catherine Streets. Jimmy wasn't like other grown-ups; he didn't tell you what to do and he always let me play with his monkey, Pedro—that is, when Mummy wasn't with me. Yes, Jimmy was very nice, but for some unknown reason Mummy never let me speak to him. Maybe it was because he had only one leg, or perhaps because his face was dirty—I don't know—but I did know that I liked Jimmy and that he was the only person to whom I wanted to say good-bye.

I started down Guy Street, but a new feeling was rising in me, a scared panicky feeling which I could only push down with the knowledge that I was never going to be bossed again. Just the same I began walking more slowly and looking around me with bewilderment. I had never been out of our own street without a big person before, and now all I had to protect me was Georgina. Suppose some man came and took Georgina from me! Then I would be all alone! By the time I came to Sherbrooke Street I could no longer drive that panicky feeling away, but still I kept walking, with my eyes staring ahead of me. My head started to swim and the people rushing before my eyes became a blur, but still I trudged on, the panic choking me. I wanted desperately to turn around and dash back home, but then Maisie would laugh and ask me why I hadn't kept on going. Instead I started to run in the opposite direction. I ran wildly, the tears streaming from my eyes blinding me so much I couldn't see where I was going, but I had to run, for some unknown reason. Poor Georgina was being dragged by the leg, her once shiny black nose scratched and dusty from being bumped along the pavement. Suddenly I crashed into some big man, and trembling with fear looked up—into Daddy's face. Why had I ever wanted to leave Daddy and Mummy? I must have been crazy to want to run away. Now all fear left me and pleasant relief took its place, weakening me so much that I collapsed into Daddy's strong arms, to be driven home, never to leave it again.

BARBARA FELLOWES, Matric.

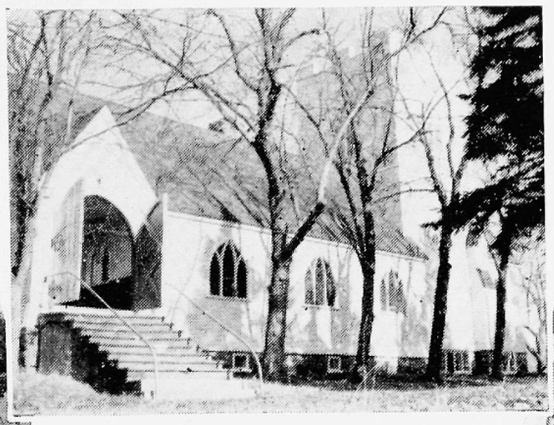
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MOTHER NATURE

When I walked down the little dirt road which I had done so often I looked over the hills and wondered how nature could do so much in such a short time. The rolling velvet green carpet which had been there only yesterday was now a blanket of soft white lace. The mass of scarlet which had been dotted with yellow, green, and brown was now nothing but a collection of black arms surrounded with white. The golden fields now appeared a wonder land of snow, and the little mice, birds, and insects had hidden themselves from "Jack Frost." I stood for a moment and marvelled at "Mother Nature's" ways.

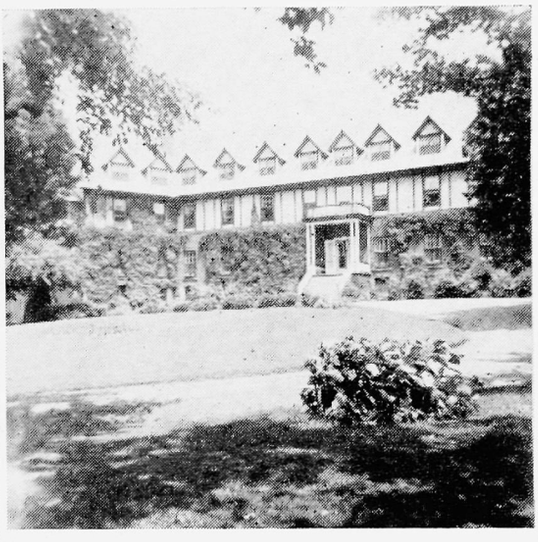
MARY WARREN, V A.



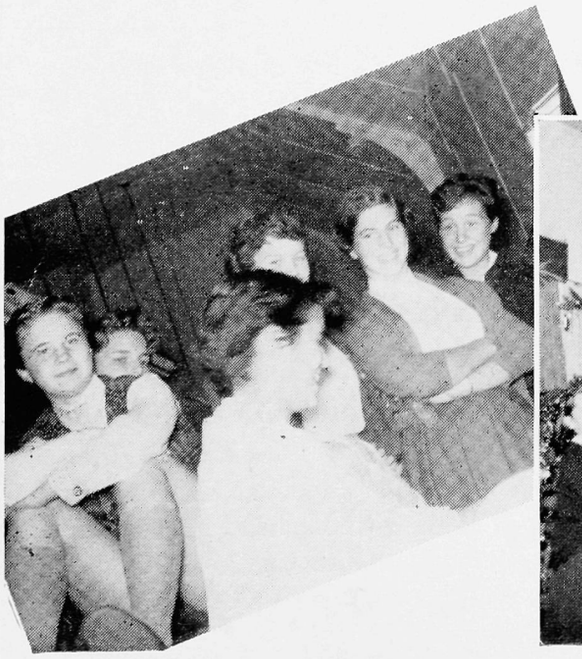
















LINDA

Linda scribbled absently on her ballet portrait. Oh, how wonderful it would be to be able to dance in a soft, delicate pink costume and fly through the air! She glanced sadly from her crippled legs to the ballet dancer she had drawn, and her gaze then drifted out the window to the sunny outdoors and the children playing on the lawn.

Suddenly the lawn turned into a lush green stage; the children became the audience, and the trees the misty, enchanting background. In the midst of this splendour a figure in cloudy white twirled and jumped gracefully to the mysterious music that seemed to come from nowhere. Linda caught her breath in admiration and awe. Each time the dancer flashed by she came nearer and nearer until she was standing beside Linda. She was very petite, with large doleful eyes, long black tresses wound around her head, and a long slender figure very like Linda's. Linda gazed at her as a distant roar of praise and approval came from the audience.

"What is your name?" asked the dancer, her eyes shining like stars.

Linda gasped in surprise, for the little dancer was addressing her.

"Linda," she replied in a tiny voice. "Your dance was lovely." She gained courage. "I wish I could do it like you."

"Perhaps you can; would you like to try it right now?" the dancer asked coaxingly.

"Oh, yes, yes!" replied Linda earnestly, but then she cast down her eyes as she remembered her crutches.

But the dancer only nodded her head and said gently, "Dance, Linda."

Linda whirled out onto the soft green carpet. Her eyes were full of happiness, her face beaming with joy. But then! Oh, dear! Something dreadful happened. She tripped over her feet and fell. The audience rocked with laughter at the change of events and clapped in mockery. Large tears of hot indignation rolled down Linda's pale cheeks as she limped off the stage on her crutches—crutches that somehow had been returned to her.

"Why did you let me dance and fall?" Linda questioned in disbelief.

"Because I had to show you that it is no use dreaming of something you can never do, and neglecting your other talent," replied the dancer wiping away Linda's tears. "You are an artist and are doing wonders for the little sick girl next door. Some day you will be a great painter of ballet pictures and because you love dancing you will give joy to others through your paintings."

"Linda, have you finished your ballet girl yet? Lunch is ready!"

It was the voice of dear mother, who awoke Linda from her day-dream. Was it a day-dream? The lovely dancer who was not unlike Linda, who was, in fact, Linda herself, had seemed so alive! Yet, when Linda looked out the open window, the dancer, the green stage, and the audience had all vanished. The sun was pouring in through the window onto her picture of the ballet girl. Yes, it was true; she would be an artist and give joy to the sick girl next door and to others by her talent for drawing ballerinas.

GILLIAN BASTIAN, VI B.

THE DOLL

It was dusk on a deserted street. A little girl was pressing her turned-up nose against the window-pane of a toy shop. Her dress was torn and patched and her feet were bare and dirty. The big doll in the window fascinated her, but she knew she could never do any more than look at it. A gang of rough-looking boys came by and stopped to laugh at her and tantalize her. The stones they threw stung her feet.

When the boys had passed, the little girl turned back to the doll with the tears streaming down her cheeks, but the store lights were out by then, and the doll was no longer visible. At that moment the door opened and a well-dressed, nice looking man stepped out into the street. He had noticed the little girl all afternoon peering into his window. Now he walked over to her but she had shied away.

"Don't be afraid, little girl," he said. "What is the matter?"

She stood and stared for a few minutes, then she ran and put her arms around him.

"I want that dolly," she sobbed, pointing with a stubby little finger at her idol.

He lifted her up and grinned at her. "Well, we'll see what we can do about that."

Still carrying her he unlocked the door and took her inside.

"Is this the one you want?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she cried happily, with eyes as large as saucers.

He locked the door again and took the little girl home. She skipped along with one hand in the man's big one and the other hand clutching the doll.

CAROL GIBBS, V A.

THE TROUBLE WITH TONY

Tim Summers was humming as he walked to the office that morning—that fateful morning of April first. Why was he humming? I don't suppose he knew except that the morning was sunny, sort of pinkish, and had all the freshness of that time of day. The delicate shades of early spring were all around him—the pale green of the tiny leaves, the pale blue of the sky, the pale pink of the sunlight, and the gold tinges of the clouds. Tim felt altogether too carefree to be walking to work.

As he emerged from the winding lane and proceeded into the town he glanced as usual at the post office clock on the corner of Killarney Road.

"I'm early this morning," he thought. "It's only eight-ten. Now I won't have to rush."

Anybody passing Tim Summers on the street would have thought him only about nineteen or twenty. Tall and lanky, with his blonde crew-cut, dark tan, and hazel eyes, he seemed almost like a college boy instead of a salary-earning fellow of twenty-five. He walked in an easy, loose-jointed manner, apparently interested in what was happening around him, although really oblivious of everything but his humming. He turned the corner at Water Avenue, walked briskly for the last two blocks, entered a building impressive with a curved facade, and pushed the elevator button.

"Five, please," he said when the elevator arrived, and "thank you," when it stopped.

He hurried into the office anteroom, through the many-panelled oak door, and into his own office.

On the way he passed Mrs. Dale, a tiny woman with salt-and-pepper hair and silver-rimmed glasses, who looked up at him with a cheery "Good morning, Mr. Summers. Lovely day, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," replied Tim, edging into his office.

Once there he sat down at the desk and pulling a sheaf of papers out of the top drawer he shuffled through them in search of one in particular. No sooner had he found it and begun to read it than Mr. Muggins' voice came over the inter-com.

"Summers, will you come in here immediately?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Tim and flicked the switch to the "off" position.

Tim chortled with glee whenever he thought of Mr. Muggins, Mr. Percival Launcelot Muggins, to be absolutely accurate. He chortled now as he unfolded his lean frame from the chair, and scooping a pencil from the desk, made his way to the President's office.

"What do you mean by coming in here at this hour?" demanded Mr. Muggins.

"I thought I was early, Sir—"

"Well, you're not. It is now nine-twenty-five, and you are supposed to be at work at nine. I'd hate to think what would become of this place if everyone ambled in late."

Tim merely said, "I'm sorry, Sir, and it won't happen again," and backed up a pace.

"Come here," growled the President, pointing a skinny finger at a spot on the floor about a yard from his pointed black pump. "I haven't finished with you yet, young man. Just where is the draft of the Bartlett report?"

"I—I was finishing it when you called me in here," said Tony.

At that moment the telephone rang, and the buzzer in Mr. Muggins' office sounded.

"Yes," rasped Mr. Muggins' voice into the receiver. Then, "Oh, yes, Mabel. I'll be home at exactly six o'clock—bring a friend? Mabel, are you feeling well?—That's good; I was getting worried.—Who?—Oh, him! Yes, he's in my office now. Just a moment." Turning around, "Tim, could you come for dinner?"

"I'd love to, Sir, but I have a date."

"He has a date to-night, Mabel—" Putting his hand over the mouthpiece, "Who is she, Tim?"

"Kathy—Kathleen O'Neil."

"Kathleen O'Neil, Mabel—you know, that sweet Irish girl who lives on York Drive. Pardon?—If it's all right with Tim—Tim, bring her along.—Well, we'll be home about six-fifteen, dear.— Thank you.—Good bye," and Mr. Muggins put down the receiver.

"Now, as to that report, Summers, get it finished and in here in fifteen minutes!"

"Yes, Sir, and thank you."

Tim finished the report in record time and went to the President's office with it. As Mr. Muggins was in a better mood he was pleased, and Tim turned and left. He noticed how quickly the day passed and how soon it was four o'clock. Tim telephoned Kathy to tell their destination for the evening. After that he busied himself with filing for about ten minutes, asked Mr. Muggins if there was anything else he could do, and since there wasn't he walked home. The clock in the post office tower said five-seventeen as he passed it. He proceeded into the lane but was stopped very shortly by a small dark boy with jet black hair and a grin as wide as his sunny face.

"Senore?" he queried.

"Si?" answered Tim unthinkingly. I mean "Yes."

"Do you know what time eet ees?" asked the lad.

"Seventeen minutes past five," responded Tim.

"No. Senore, you are wrong," in a sing-song, "Eet ees quarter to seex."

"No, it isn't," said Tim.

"Si," insisted the boy.

"All right, if you say so. By the way, I've seen you before. What's your name?"

"Tony. Tony Garcia," and the boy's wide grin flashed again.

"I'm Tim Summers, Tony. Glad to know you. Why do you insist that the clock is wrong?"

"Because I climbed up and set eet wrong this morning, Senore. Eet ees April one, you know."

"So it is," muttered Tim. Suddenly he started. Tony had said, "Quarter to six," and Tim was supposed to be calling for Kathy now.

He mumbled something in the general direction of Tony and sprinted the last block home. He washed and changed more quickly than he had ever done before and telephoned Kathleen to say he'd be right over. He rushed to Kathy's home and as they hurried to the Muggins' Tim breathed explanations. They were both panting so hard when they arrived that Mrs. Muggins commented on the fact. Tim hastily explained Tony's little trick, and as Mr. Muggins appeared he heard it too and realized why Tim had been late for work. After he had forgiven Tim they sat down to a most enjoyable meal.

At ten-thirty Tim and Kathy decided that they had better go, and after warm "thank yous" and "good-byes" they tepped out into the brisk evening air. Tim wondered why the pale moonlight shimmered so on Kathy's dark hair and why her azure eyes were so much larger than usual. She looked like a vision.

Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie as Kathy said, "Tim, is it right now?"

"Wha—? Oh, the clock! Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't," he whispered. "I don't know."

"Si, Signore, eet ees right now," answered a voice behind them.

"Tony, you should be at home in bed!"

"I know, Signore, but I had to tell you, so I snuck out. Now you will have more time to walk the Senorita home. Good-bye." He yawned.

"Cute little tyke," said Kathy admiringly. "His language is certainly unique and his sense of time is all wrong. We'll have to rush now," and she stopped talking. "Listen!"

As Tim grasped her hand they heard the sleepy voice of Tony, "Goo' night,—Teem."

Robin Fitzgerald, Matric.

THE ETERNAL SEA

She paused for a moment at the top of the cliff, a lonely figure, silhouetted against the moon as it reappeared suddenly. Placing her feet apart, she braced her body as if in defiance of the lashing wind. Her long hair blew behind her wildly and her skirt pressed tightly against her legs. She could feel the stinging spray of the sea on her face and taste the salt on her lips. As suddenly as it had appeared the moon vanished again behind a dark black cloud. With a sharp cry, she spun around quickly and ran down the path to the bottom of the cliff. There, on one of the rocks, she flung herself down and wept bitterly.

It seemed as though the angry waves of the sea beating against the rocks, sending shafts of white spray high into the air, expressed all the pent-up emotions that swept through the girl's body. Her shoulders shook convulsively and she beat her fists again and again on the rock as though to make it feel part of the pain and anguish she was bearing. Then, as her sobbing subsided, she lay exhausted on the rock, gasping for breath. The sea had drenched her completely, making her clothes cling to her body and her hair lie in damp strands along her flushed cheeks. In her dark brown eyes was nothing but the look of complete and utter defeat.

"I can't go on any longer!" she cried aloud to the echoing cliffs. As though the sound of her voice had released some inner spring in her, the details of all the past unpleasantness returned to her.

She had lived a quiet and simple life in the German countryside with her parents. Then one unhappy day, they had both perished in a fire. Left to fend for herself, she had gone to a village several miles away where she had tried to find a job in which she might put to use her exceptional talent for writing. To her bitter amazement, she had been turned away from job after job with always the same excuse, either directly or indirectly—"I'm sorry, but we don't accept Jewish people here." Hurt and bewildered, she had found employment in a third-rate hotel, waiting on tables.

In every spare moment she had sat down to write and write. Then, almost as if by magic, she would be transported from the squalor with which she had been surrounded to another world, a world of love and peace. She had known her writing was good; she was gifted with that special inner sight that could tell. If only she could have one of her stories published!

One bitter day, however, the owner of the hotel had told her that she was fired. She had not even

bothered to ask why—she had known. If only she were not Jewish! The problem at this point had been what she should do now? At last she had made her decision. Since life was not worth living anymore, she would simply end it. She had walked the full two miles to the sea. When she had finally reached there, the very wildness of the pounding waves had disturbed her deeply, and for a brief moment she had lost control of her senses.

As her mind came back to the present, she grimaced inwardly and tried to find within herself the courage to end her life. She gazed out at the sea and watched it churning, wave upon wave, dashing against the cliffs. Suddenly though, the churning lessened and the white-crested waves came more and more slowly. Within a short while the sea was almost calm. It was as though a miracle had happened. To the girl's amazement, her mind too had mysteriously calmed, and now she could think clearly. For the first time in a long, long while she faced reality and all that went with it.

"I'm Jewish, and I must face the fact," she reasoned with herself, "but that's nothing to be ashamed of. Why should I let people walk all over me? I must fight back! With my writing—that's it! I can fight back with my writing!—But how!—I'm not quite sure, but I'll find a way—I know I'll be able to. First of all, I'll—" and her mind bubbled over with plans for the future.

She arose from the rock and shivered slightly as for the first time she felt the dampness of her clothes and body. As she walked back up the path, not only the peace and calmness of the sea were in her heart, but also the very strength and power that was the sea itself became a part of her. With a light step, head held high, she returned to she knew not what, but she returned bravely.

Barbara Kerr, Matric.

PARIS FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER

We gazed in wonder at the four massive arches curving over our heads, which formed the base of the Eiffel Tower. So this was Paris on a hot summer day, with flocks of laughing chattering people crowding the sidewalk cafes and parks and motor bikes roaring through the streets in great haste. American tourists rushed about taking pictures and small old Frenchmen stood on busy corners selling souvenirs. French women went about their way in brightly coloured summer dresses, while noisy children fed pigeons in the street. Suddenly we found that it was our turn to climb into the glassed-in elevator which would take us to the top of the tower. As we rose slowly, higher and higher between the great steel beams, the din and turmoil of the street below were left behind and a lovely quiet ensued. After changing elevators twice, we arrived at the top of the 'nine hundred foot' structure looking down on this famous French capital. The white streets lined with tall green trees, wave their way between historic buildings such as the dome-topped Les Invalides where Napoleon is buried, and the Louvre, now an art gallery but formerly the home of many French kings. There was the Champs Elysee leading down the Arc de Triomphe where the unknown soldier lies, and the Tuilleries, a large park next to the Louvre with its miniature Arc de Triomphe called Carousel. The Seine glittered in the sunlight like a silver ribbon, and along its banks we could see the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral reaching skyward. Backing up this picture was Montmartre, perhaps the oldest section of Paris, which, with its dark narrow streets and small cafes was the favourite haunt of artists. The last thing which caught our eye was the tiny church, Sacre Coeur, standing on the very top of Montmartre, looking over the city. Then slowly the elevator brought us back to the real Paris—the Paris which one can smell, hear, feel and be a part of instead of an isolated bystander beholding it all from above.

Flora Church, VI A.

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THE LAND THAT GOD GAVE CAIN

(One of the speeches given at the King's Hall Public Speaking Contest.)

How many of you have ever sailed down the St. Lawrence River? If so, did you ever wonder what the brilliant patches of light on the North Shore of the river, about a hundred miles below Quebec, represented? Perhaps you did not know what was behind them, or perhaps you thought they were little communities pitched by some unknown hand in a singularly desolate country. Since this land used to be my home I should like to tell you something about the people who live there, their towns and their homes.

When asked once why I liked this isolated country I took a while to think about it. What I first thought of were the mountains and forests, because I had had so much fun in them hiking, skiing. and cooking outdoors in all seasons. It is the many small things all taken together that make this place so fascinating—for instance, the windows in winter, covered with frost and ice.

Somebody may say, "Oh, how horrible! You can never see out unless you open the door and then **you** are turned to frost and ice."

But one may think of it in a different way. I have spent many minutes studying window-panes decorated by the frost. I could always pick out whatever pictures I wished—mountains and valleys, rivers and waterfalls, or even the towers and palaces of London. Something else that will absorb you in the same way are snowflakes. You can never find any two alike; they are always marvellously intricate in pattern.

The forest itself casts a spell over one. In winter it is as silent as a graveyard, except for the soft thud of snow in a storm or the distant cry of a bird. No matter where you go or how far, you will always leave a trail behind you. A winter forest fills you with a peaceful contentment as you gaze from a hilltop over a vast expanse of green and sunflecked white. In summer the spell is quite different. Far from leaving a trail behind you, you can vanish completely from sight in just a few seconds. As the forest closes around you the odour of spruce and of balsam-gum fills you with a tingling excitement that wants to send you racing through the trees shouting for joy at just being alive.

This part of Canada presents a challenge to people, though it is only in the last quarter-century that the challenge of settling it has been accepted. The country has many qualities that deter man from coming here to make his home. In summer there is the danger of poisoning from mosquitoes and blackflies as well as the annoyance of their teasing persecution. Much more serious is the hazard that forest fires bring to those working in the woods. Many families spend the whole summer in anxiety over fathers, brothers, or husbands. In winter there is bitter cold and the danger of a snowstorm obliterating your path in the forest and leaving you to a cold and lonely death. Lastly, and what affects many people, is the difficulty and expense of transportation in and out, especially in winter, when we are practically isolated. All these challenges can be met, however, and the difficulties overcome.

One must remember, too ,that the towns although on the very borders of the wilderness, form a striking contrast to its savage wildness. The towns are highly electrified and have the latest modern conveniences. The more advanced towns, like Baie Comeau, "the Star of the North," have paved streets, a modern mill, telephones, radios and television. Best of all these towns have no poverty, filth, or slums. Their social life is especially good—partly because of their isolation. Each town supplies its own recreation and has its clubs and other organizations. There is scarcely any of the religious or racial intolerance found in so many other places. This is one region where Roman Catholics and Protestants get along with complete co-operation.

You see, then, that this is not a land to be shunned but one to be regarded as a source of employment and entertainment. It has much to offer, whether you live in the town or whether, like Paul Provencher, the great naturalist, you prefer to roam the forests and find delight in the cascading waterfalls dazzling in sunlight. I hope that many of you will have an opportunity of sailing down the St. Lawrence on one of the Saguenay steamers and visiting Quebec's northland, which Jacques Cartier called "the land that God gave Cain."

LYNNE FRANCIS, VI A.



THE FLOWER BED WAS A THING OF BEAUTY

It was early fall when I stepped back and surveyed my garden for the last time. The vivacious colours had faded into soft greys, greens and browns giving the garden a quiet, serene touch. The soil was a pale grey blending well with the crispy, turning leaves, many of which had fallen from their stems to become part of the nourishing earth.

Many of the flowers had turned to seeds—some very intriguing to gaze at. A milkweed that had not been attended to had spread its dainty parachutes among the dried leaves as if to cheer them in their dying days.

A few anxious and searching wild-bees still flew silently from one dead flower to another not realizing how their precious time was wasted there among pollenless flowers.

Even in the fall a flower bed can be beautiful. The flowers seemed to change their coats like snakes. The foxgloves had turned a pinkish brown and left spots behind, and the thick rose bush in the corner of the garden bore yellow prickles instead of green. Scattered among all the flowers of the garden were petals from the rose-bush that had not blown away during the evening breezes. Then I turned my back and left behind me a delicate thing of beauty—a fall garden.

KATE REED, V A.

Junior Section

JANE'S CHRISTMAS DAY

This story I am going to tell you happened around the time of Christmas. It is in a hospital. Jane Scot is a small girl of seven. About one week before Christmas Jane was struck with polio.

Jane had a favourite nurse called Miss Capin. Miss Capin was very understanding. It was extremely exciting on Christmas Eve. There was a huge Christmas tree in the Children's Ward. Everyone in the hospital was happy. Jane was joyous. The nurses brought parcels of all sizes into the ward and laid them under the tree. The beds had coloured quilts on them which made the ward gay.

Just before they went to bed they had a tiny church service. Jane prayed for her parents and that she could be well and at home again for Christmas. She went to sleep with a wonderful Christmas spirit. Through the night a miracle took place. When Jane woke up her prayer had come true. She could walk.

JUDITH WESTWATER, IV A.

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COTTAGE REPORT

This year there are twenty-one girls in the cottage. Two, Lucy and Rosita Caridi are from South America. The other girls are Shireen Finch, Cathy Stewart, Bonnie Bernier, Josette Cochand, Susan Gibson, Marcia Pacaud, Margot Parker, Michele Robertson, Lorraine Ronalds, Judith Westwater, Diana Stewart, Victoria Rankin, Jennifer Patton, Julia Kingston, Wendy Watson, Charlotte Stevens, Janice Byers, and Virginia Echols.

On Hallowe'en the cottage went to a Hallowe'en Party at the big school. We all enjoyed ourselves very much. At the end of the Christmas Term the cottage Matrons, Mrs. Capon and Miss Syme, gave us a wonderful Christmas Party. We had a treasure hunt, lots of lovely food and stockings full of presents. In the Easter Term we went to an Ice Carnival which we were all very glad to see and in the same Term, some of us went skiing at Hillcrest.

Altogether we had a very pleasant year which wouldn't have been possible except for Mrs.Capon and Miss Syme. We would like to thank them for making our year in the cottage very enjoyable.

JUDITH WESTWATER, IV A.

THE SNOW

The snow is very soft and white,
It sparkles in its radiance bright,
The snow falls on tree-tops and houses too.
And makes them shine so far anew.
How beautiful the snow is and shines in glorious gleams,
The designs are always different, like patterns in our dreams.

JENNIFER WOODS, V B.

WILD FLOWERS

There are many wild flowers,—for example daisies, violets, dandelions and buttercups. Daisies and dandelions and buttercups are usually found in fields, and violets are found growing in moss.

The two that I like best are the violets and the buttercups. The violet is very pretty because it has dainty petals which are purple and it is quite short. The buttercup is my second choice. It is a very tall flower with yellow petals,—the colour of butter. Both of them are very pretty.

The reason why we don't appreciate these flowers is because we see them too often and they are sometimes a nuisance.

MARCIA PACAUD, IV A.

THE PLACE WHERE I RIDE

Last summer I was promised a ride on a horse owned by a man I had never known or heard of before. The man's name was Mr. Ried. I was shy at first but he was so nice I quickly lost my shyness; then we went down to the stable.

The stable I used to go to was a public one and was dirty but when I walked into this one it was very clean. There were six stalls in all, three on each side. The stalls were large and very comfortable with the bars painted green. The whole place was painted white and the place between the stalls was cement. There were three horses. One was grey with some bluish spots on her quarters. Her name was Lady Grey. Another was a chestnut with dark eyes. Her name was Rocky. The other was a light chestnut. He was young, friendly and very high-spirited. This horse was my favourite and his name was Leaderfern.

After we had looked at the horses we had to go home. I was sorry I had to go because I had enjoyed myself. But I looked forward to riding Leaderfern off and on the rest of the summer.

JENNIFER PATTON, V B.

THE RUINED COTTAGE

We mounted our horses and were going across the fields, over river and valley, at a fast gallop and were about at our destination when we came in view of an old ruined cottage. Its roof was sagging and already could hardly be seen, the walls were cracked and crumbling, the paint was all worn off. The door had already fallen in and the windows had spider webs over the holes that once had held glass.

We went inside, and the only thing holding the cottage up was a pole, half eaten by termites. I tried to imagine what it used to be like with children running about, flowers blooming in their beds, green grass against the nicely painted wall, curtains in the windows and a fire in its fire-place giving it heat, and a lived-in look.

Lorraine Ronalds, IV A.

MAGIC

I lay there still upon a dark bower,
Chills of wind were rushing through the air,
And there was a magic fairy flower,
And petals fell upon the earth,
Then changed to snowflakes fair,
And then again each snowflake changed to snowdrops everywhere.

Jennifer Woods, V B.

VOLCANOES

In Guatemala there are many volcanoes. Volcanoes can be very beautiful sights but they can also be very destructive.

Extinct volcanoes look like mountains except for the flat top. If you fly over one you see a great hole from which lava and rock once spurted. Down the sides of the volcanoes great gullies can be seen where the lava and rock once rolled, destroying everything in their path. A volcano in action can be very beautiful but can also be very dangerous. In the daytime all we can see are the clouds of grey smoke coming out, but at night you can see flames of fire. When a volcano is having an eruption, lava and rock stream down the sides destroying everything in their path and ashes fly all over the countryside covering everything. Often when these volcanoes are active, they cause earthquakes which bring buildings down to the ground. At this time the air gets very hot and no breeze blows.

Volcanoes are lovely sights from a distance but I wouldn't like to be near one during an eruption.

Ann Smith, V B.

THE LIFE OF THE NORTH WIND

It was a Sunday morning and the children of the wind family had just finished breakfast. Father Wind came in and told them where to go. South Wind was to go to Ontario, West Wind to British Columbia and East Wind to the United States. Baby North Wind was very tiny so his parents said he had better stay in his own province.

An hour later they all set out and separated. When North Wind reached Montreal he stopped and stared at the people going to church. The little North Wind decided to do some mischief. He roared and a huge storm blew up. The people's hats were blowing about in mid-air. What fun he was having! After that he took a stroll down the St. Lawrence. As he was doing this he felt rain on his cheek. It was his brothers calling him to come home. Once at home they were each asked what they had done. None of it was too bad until Mother Wind got to the baby; she almost toppled over with surprise and the baby was sent to bed without supper.

Margot Parker, IV A.

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ANSE PLEUREUSE

Anse Pleureuse is a small village which is found on the Gaspé coast. It is situated on a small cove about four miles from Mont Louis which is a small village but still much larger than Anse Pleureuse.

There is a legend which led to the naming of Anse Pleureuse. This is it. Every night when it got dark all the inhabitants went to their houses or huts and stayed there until dawn came. When they were safely inside and the door was barred or locked and night began to fall there started a screeching and wailing or sometimes there was only a low mourning sound but it never failed, however loud or quiet, to haunt the inhabitants. They thought it was the mourning of a dead man's soul for all the sins he had done in his life. One day the priest got up courage and took an axe and shovel and walked into the woods. He came back the next day and told the people that he had scared the evil soul away. But in later years someone found out that it wasn't a ghost. It had been two old trees that had rubbed together when a light breeze blew. The priest had gone out and had cut down one of the trees.

Bobby Starke, V B.

King's Hall, Compton, Old Girls' Association

MARRIAGES

Valerie Meyer to John Vandergrift Summerlin on January 28, 1956.

Pauline Ann Lindsay to Keith Calvin Irvine on July 13, 1955.

Christina Rhett MacKeen to George Shaw on July 2, 1955.

Elizabeth Dorland Abbott to Robert Metcalfe Schoettle on Nov. 5, 1955.

Daintry Chisolm to John H. Snider on Sept. 17, 1955.

Sandra Dorothy Wilson to Robert McGowan on July 18, 1955.

Lois Keefler to Dr. Edward Kehoe in September 1955.

Willa Benson to Norman Dalley on September 12, 1955.

Ann Henderson to Tom Woods in June 1955

Jean Dodds to Ralph Kazi in August 1955.

Betty Lou Van Buskirk to Rodney Holden in October 1955.

Susan Teakle to Boyd Whittall on May 26, 1956.

Anne Lucas to Anthony Suche.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Woodward (Ann Cornelius) a daughter, May 16, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Van Hengel (Drusilla Riley) a daughter, May 17, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. James McDougall (Willa Birks) a daughter, November 7, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Price (Pamela Smith) a daughter, December 16, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Grant Campbell (Priscilla Wanklyn) a daughter, February 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Papadopoulos (Ann Henderson) twin daughters, May 1, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter McKinnon (Joan Foster) a daughter, February 21, 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Henry (Jill Foster) a daughter, October 12, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Creighton (Willa Ogilvy) a son, June 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Barber (Linda Gordon) a daughter, December 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Fortier (Janet Fry) a daughter, June 26, 1955.

To Mrs. and Mrs. Douglas Mackay (Ann Hodgins) a son, November 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Drummond (Sally Sharwood) a daughter, August 12, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCulloch (Judy Morton) a daughter, July 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Derek Martin (Jane Hartman) a daughter, January 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. Terence Flood (Lucinda Vaughn) a daughter, February 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williams (Amy Fowler) a daughter, February 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Spafford (Ann Pangman) a daughter, December 10, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Laird Bovard (Sheila Birks) a son, October 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mostyn Lewis(Cynthia Hands) a son, March 15, 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. David M. Blaiklock (Sally Dobell) a son, March 26, 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair (Joan Donald) a daughter, June 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alan Forbes (Jane Robb) a daughter, December 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hartland MacDougall (Eve Gordon) a daughter, April 4, 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. Tony Anable (Ann English) a daughter, Alice Emily, April 11, 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Gaerkers (Barbara Ronalds) a son, March, 1956.

ENGAGEMENTS

Jean Lindsey to Rufus Titus.

Jean Everett to Lt. (J. G.) Robert A. Purse, U.S.N.R.

NEWS

As we go to press word has been received that Cynthia Molson has been named a Durant Scholar and Susanne Chester a Wellesley College Scholar in their final year at Wellesley. Congratulations to both these Old Girls on their outstanding achievement.

Matric '56 would like to thank Gael Eakin for her very skillful caricatures.

KING'S HALL COMPTON OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the year ended February 29, 1956

GENERAL FUND

CASH—FEBRUARY 28TH, 1955		
Held by King's Hall, Inc.	$ 48.00	
In bank	515.90	$ 563.90
RECEIPTS		
Annual Membership fees	$ 340.00	
Receipts—teas and luncheons	407.70	
Bank interest and exchange	8.39	
Bond interest	99.00	
Balance of Miss Gillard fund transferred	170.82	1,025.91
		$1,589.81
DISBURSEMENTS		
Accrued interest on bonds purchased	$ 45.93	
Stationery, stamps and printing	117.01	
Teas and luncheons	486.69	
Magazines—King's Hall Inc.	132.50	
Travelling expenses	20.00	
Laura Joll Prize	10.00	
Gift to Miss Gillard	106.50	
Sundry expense	56.65	$ 975.28
CASH—FEBRUARY 29TH, 1956		
Petty cash	$ 14.99	
Held by King's Hall, Inc.	2.07	
In bank	597.47	614.53
		$1,589.81

MISS GILLARD FUND

RECEIPTS			
Subscriptions, less bank exchange			$ 928.32
DISBURSEMENTS			
Gifts to Miss Gillard—			
Canada Savings Bonds	$600.00		
Jewellery	157.50	757.50	
Transferred to General Fund		170.82	$ 928.32

This is the statement referred to in our report of even date.

CAMPBELL, GLENDINNING AND DEVER,
Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

Montreal, March 16th, 1956.

School Directory

T. Abbott, "Baywinds," Devonshire, Bermuda.
E. Angus, 699, Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
P. Archibald Main Road, Hudson Heights, P.Q.
E. Audet, 6, Veteran's Blvd., Megantic, P.Q.
C. Bailey, 11, Newcourt Road, Bray Co., Wicklow.
G. Bastian, 1780, Dumfries Rd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
A. Beattie, 14, Richelieu Rd., Chambly Canton, P.Q.
B. Bernier, Wendybrook Farms, Sweetsburg, P.Q.
A. Bieler, 2151, Brulard, Sillery, P.Q.
J. Bigneil, Lake Beauport, P.Q.
H. Black, 217, Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
S. Blackburn, 326, Victoria Street, London, Ontario.
S. Blaylock, Monk's Point, Ile Bizard, P.Q.
S. Bogert, Georgeville Road, Magog, P.Q.
J. Byers, 4040, Gage Road, Montreal, P.Q.
L. Caridi, Calle 32 No. 43-74, Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, S.A.
R. Caridi, Calle 32 No. 43-74, Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, S.A.
S. Carling, 36, Grosvenor Street, London, Ontario.
L. Carter, 4760, Upper Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
S. Cassels 482, Spadina Road, Toronto, Ontario.
A. Cassils, 3065, Cedar Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.
R. Christensen, 1509, Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, P.Q.
F. Church, 4, Summerhill Terrace, Montreal 25, P.Q.
J. Cochand, Chalet Cochand, Ste. Marguerite Station, P.Q.
J. Cordeau, 408, Metcalfe Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
M. Cowie, 2, Maple Avenue, Beaupré, P.Q.
J. Cushing, 610, Clark Avenue, Montreal 6, P.Q.
B. Cuthbertson, 2285, Sunset Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
G. Davis, P.O. Box 131, Knowlton, P.Q.
G. de Kuyper, 591, Argyle Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
J. de Kuyper, 591, Argyle Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
H. Dewar, 30, Dunn Street, Oakville, P.Q.
L. Doucet, 48, Chesterfield Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
J. Douglas Lane, 31, Cedar Avenue, Pointe Claire, P.Q.
A. Dowie ,12574, Cedar Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
D. Duncanson, 241, Dunvegan Road, Toronto, Ontario
G. Eakin, 635, Carlton Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
S. Eakin, 736, Lexington Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
E. Echols, 2125, Laird Blvd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
V. Echols, 2125, Laird Blvd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
B. Fellowes, 4854, Westmount Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
S. Finch, 22, Second Street, Oakville, Ontario.
R. FitzGerald ,2, Bowling Green, Pointe Claire, P.Q.
D. Fowler, 36, Summit Circle, Westmount, P.Q.
L. Francis, P.O. Box 28, Desbiens, P.Q.
C. Gibbs 636, Dubé Street, Thetford Mines, P.Q.
D. Gibson, P.O. Box 242, San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America.
S. Gibson, P.O. Box 242, San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America.
N. Glass "Plantations," Lennoxville, P.Q.
G. Goodeve, 1001, Moncreiff Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.,
J. Grier, 14, Crescent Road, Ottawa, Ontario.
L. Grier, 14, Crescent Road, Ottawa, Ontario.
J. Gruchy, Pownal, P.E.I.
H. Hand, Pembroke, Bermuda.
F. Harley, 580, Dundas Street, London, Ontario.
C. Harvie, 45, John Street, Thornhill, Ontario.
J. Hingston, 614, Victoria Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
A. Holton, R.R. 1, Burlington, Ontario.
D. Hornig, R.R. 1, Boulton Centre, P.Q.
C. Hudson, 174, Bromley Avenue, Moncton, New Brunswick
C. Hutchins, 3455, Stanley Street, Montreal, P.Q.
A. Iddon, 1100, Park Avenue, New York 28, New York.
M. Ignatieff, 22 Parco Pepoli, Rome, Italy.
N. Jackman, 35, Rosedale Road, Toronto, Ontario.
P. Jackson, 1381 Kenilworth Rd., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.
B. Keddie, 783, Upper Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
S. Kelly, 5, Edmund Gate, Toronto, Ontario.
L. Kennedy, 1509, Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal 25, P.Q.
B. Kerr, 166, Wilson Street, Toronto, Ontario.
S. Kilgour, 2, Ellis Street, Beauharnois, P.Q.
J. Kingstone, 699, Acacia Avenue, Rockliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
D. Lambert, 53, Thornton Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
J. Lamplough, 64, Stratford Road, Hampstead, P.Q.
C. Lyman, 3238, Cedar Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
J. Macdonald, Scofieldtown Road, Stamford, Connecticut.
D. MacDougall, 6035, Gouin Blvd., Saraguay, P.Q.
H. MacDougall, 6080, Gouin Blvd,. Saraguay, P.Q.
M. MacDougall, 6095, Gouin Blvd., Saraguay, P.Q.
M. MacIntyre, 220, First Street East, Cornwall, Ontario.
J. Martin, 799, Upper Belmont Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
S. McMaster, 3141, Daulac Road, Montreal, P.Q.
J. McColm, 2430, Noury Avenue, Sillery, P.Q.
P. McFetrick, 91, Cedar Avenue, Pointe Claire, P.Q.
S. Meagher, 2993, Cedar Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
E. Menasché, Apartado Aereo 4514, Bogota, Colombia, S.A.
J. Millar, 948, Moncrieff Rd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
J. Mitchell, Massawippi, P.Q.
R. Moncel 241, Park Road, Ottawa, Ontario.
B. Moore, 7, Hill Road, Grand Falls, Newfoundland.
H. Morris, 125, First Street East, Cornwall, Ontario.
S. Morris, 125, First Street East, Cornwall, Ontario.
L. Murray, 35, St. Germain Street, Rimouski, P.Q.
S. Myles 42, Cressy Road, Hampstead, P.Q.
E. Napier, 316, Russell Hill Road, Toronto, Ontario.
S. Newman, 3302, Cedar Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
B. Oliphant, Hudson Heights, P.Q.
J. Pacaud, Magog, P.Q.
M. Pacaud, Magog, P.Q.
M. Parker, 534, Cedar St., Beaurepaire, P.Q.
J. Parsons, Pabodie Place, Little Compton ,Rhode Island.
P. Parsons, Pabodie Place, Little Compton, Rhode Island.
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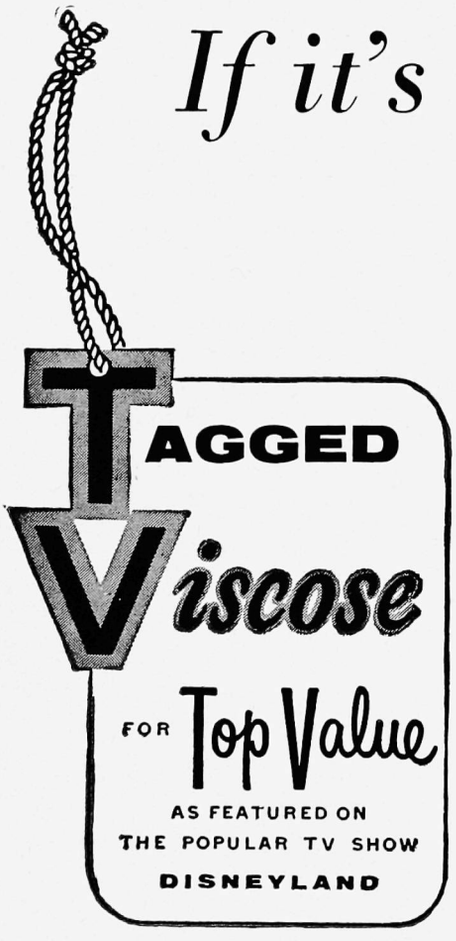
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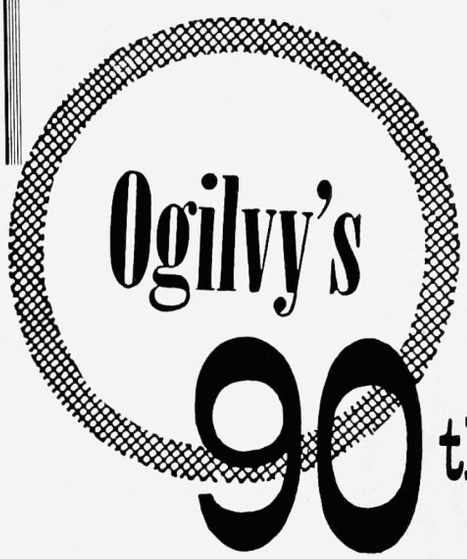
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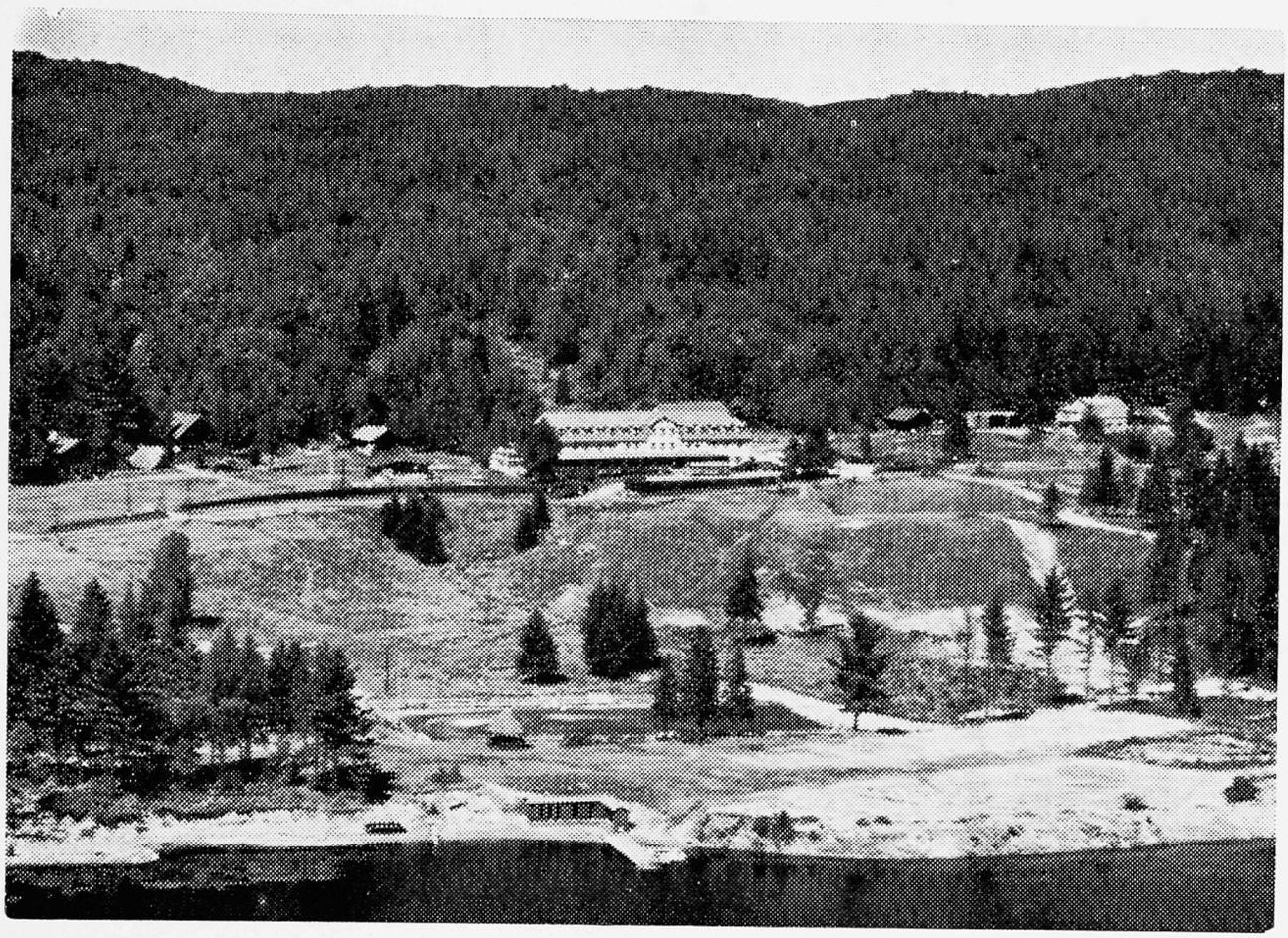
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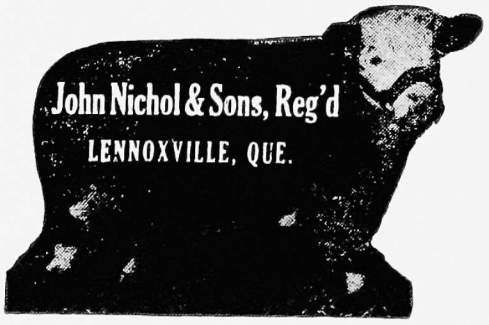
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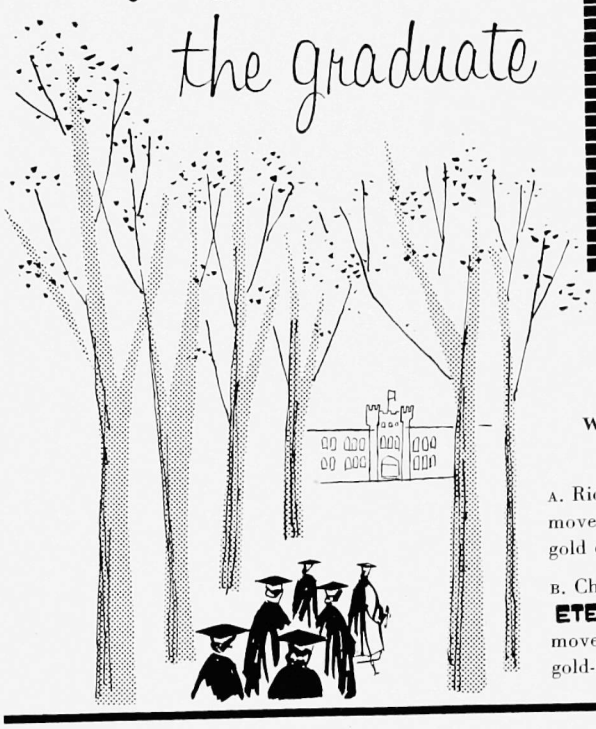
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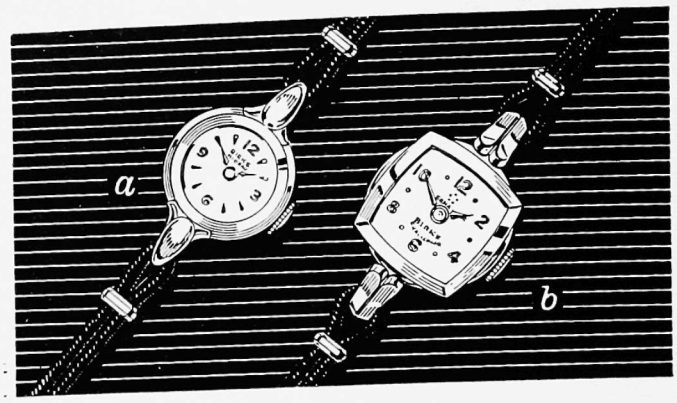
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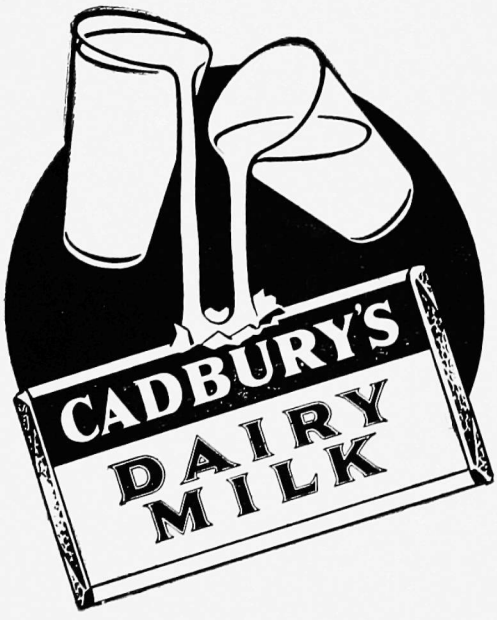


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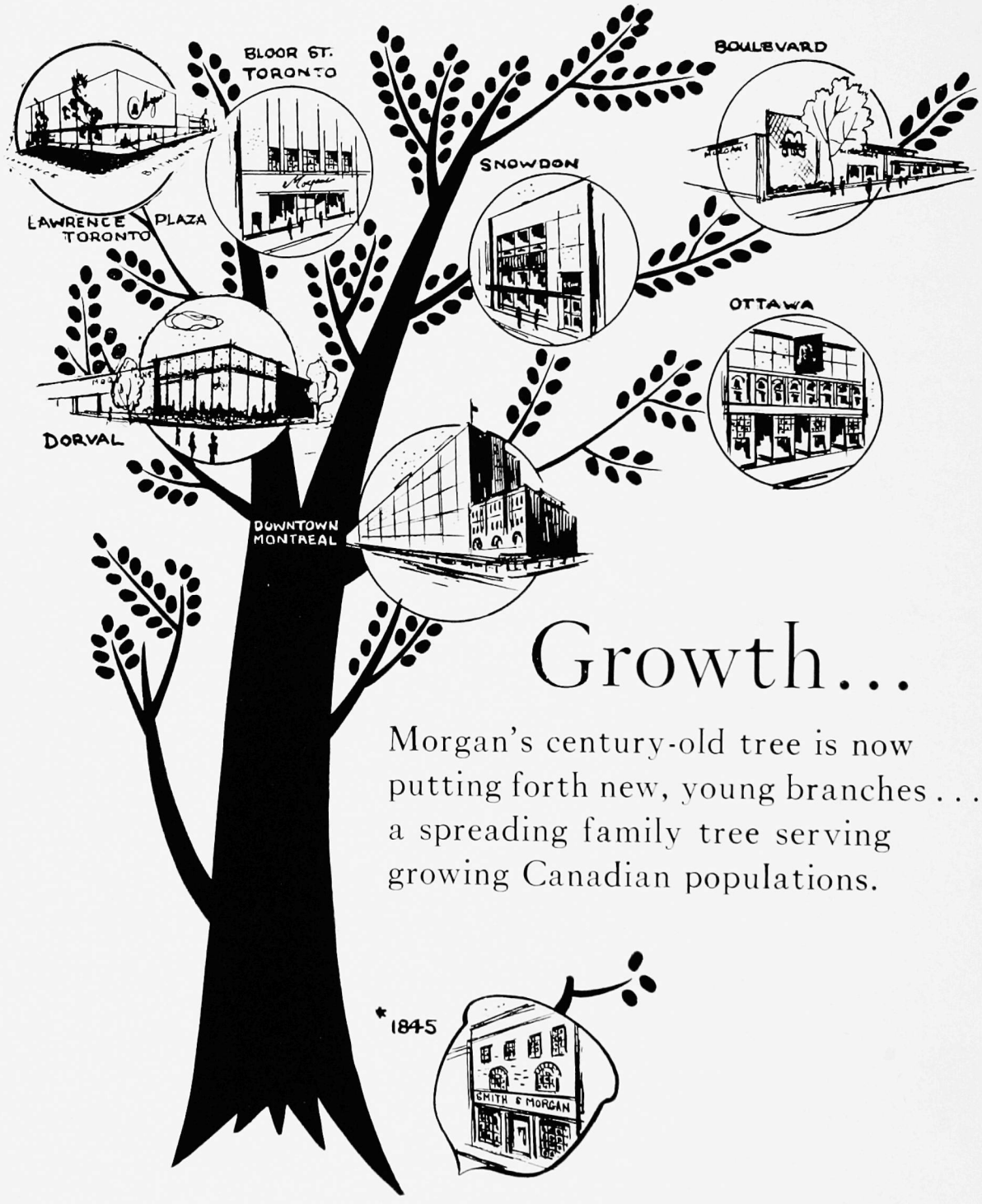
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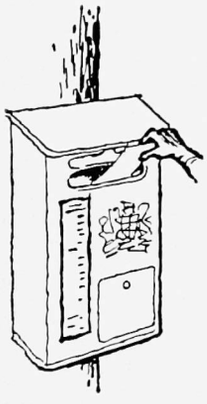
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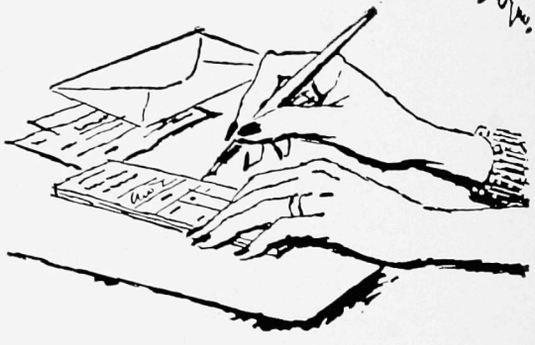


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